

The Sketch

No. 980.—Vol. LXXVI.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1911.

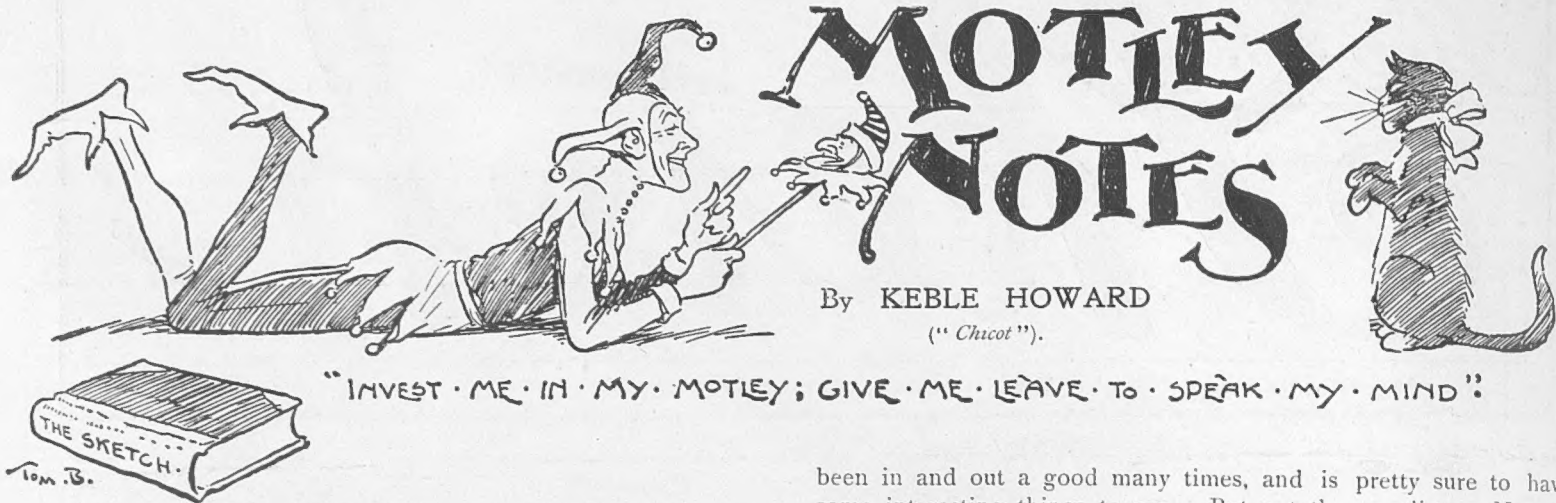
SIXPENCE.



A HABIT OF 1830: MISS A. CLARK, IN A CURIOUS RIDING-DRESS, IN THE NEW BALLET
AT THE ALHAMBRA.

The dress in which Miss Clark is shown is taken from a print of a lady's riding-dress of 1830, but, of course, is over-accentuated for the purpose of the Quadrille Eccentrique in the "Jardin des Amoureux" scene of the new ballet, which, by the way, is produced under the supervision of Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop.

Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch" by Bassano.



A Novelist with a Grievance.

Mr. H. G. Wells is still, apparently, in a "state." He has been telling the readers of the *Fortnightly Review* all about his forthcoming novels. He is going to deal with a lot of "important" subjects. He is going to write about business and finance, politics and precedence, pretentiousness, decorum and indecorum "until a thousand pretences and ten thousand impostures shrivel in the cold, clear air of our elucidations." Good. Writers have been trying to get that "shrivelling" effect for some years now—say, roughly, two thousand. I am rejoiced to hear that Mr. Wells and his friends are about to pull it off. I hope I may live to help them celebrate their triumph.

They will not, I trust, attempt to rush things. Since the days of Plato, we have advanced in thought not one single inch; in the art of expression, our reforming writers are rather behind Plato. They stumble on the same ideas, or borrow them from Plato, but they don't handle them so well as Plato did. He knew the value of lucidity. The modern commentator and reformer chucks lucidity overboard. He wants to be what is called "clever"—the hallmark of the amateur. Why a genius, such as Mr. Wells, should want to be "clever" I cannot for the life of me understand. I have seen a man playing the violin and walking on a tight-rope at the same time. That was "clever." I have no desire to hear Kubelik under similar conditions.

Have you, friend the reader?

That Enormous "L."

I sometimes fancy that Mr. Wells is taking life too seriously. He has got that capital "L" into his head, and he will not get it out. It seems to me that the reason why we have not advanced in thought one inch since the days of Plato is because there is nothing further to think about. Science is advancing a bit; people can live a year or two longer than in the olden days, and they can run about this patch of land called the World rather more quickly. I suppose that is all to the good. A great many nice people are very pleased about it, and their pleasure, at any rate, is to the good.

But there is nothing to be said about the business of living that was not said, and said very nicely, long before Mr. Wells came on the scene. It is a pity, if he really wants to startle the world with "ideas," that he was not born before the other fellows had exhausted the subject. Personally, I am very glad he was not born three thousands years ago, because, in that case, he would not have written "Kipps."

Mr. Wells is nettled because we want him to go on writing books like "Kipps." It is very naughty of him to be nettled. It is his business in life to write books like "Kipps," and he ought to go on doing his business. But he has all sorts of new plans for the novel of the future. He wants to "shrivel" the politicians and "scorch" the financiers. This is too bad of him. They have their livers.

"For Your Library List."

This is the kind of novel Mr. Wells means to write: "It is to be the social mediator, the vehicle of understanding, the instrument of self-examination, the parade of morals and the exchange of manners, the factory of customs, the criticism of laws and institutions, and of social dogmas and ideas. It is to be the home confessional, the initiator of knowledge, the seed of fruitful self-questioning."

Well, I for one shall not read any novel of the sort. I don't care a rush what Mr. Wells or any other novelist thinks about the House of Commons, for example. I should like to know what Mr. Balfour thinks about the House of Commons, because he has

been in and out a good many times, and is pretty sure to have some interesting things to say. But not the novelists. Nor do I care a rush what any novelist thinks about morals. Mr. Wells talks as though there were such a thing as a national or universal code of morals, when we all know there is not. Everybody has his own little code, which depends entirely upon his own little set of circumstances. We all know that. There is nothing useful, or profitable (mentally profitable), or interesting to say about morals.

As for Mr. Wells as the "home confessor," we can't have that at any price. A home is a difficult place to move about in at the best of times. There is no room for a "home confessor" in it. The suggestion admits of no discussion whatever. A "home hangman," perhaps, but not a "confessor."

Death to Emotion.

The fact is that many people to-day are trying to be ashamed of their emotions. They are not really ashamed of them: they are awfully proud of them; but it is the swagger thing in a certain set to pretend that you have no emotions. Intellect is to be all—emotion nowhere. What *are* the emotions?

Well, you have pity, sorrow, indignation, anger, admiration, joy, triumph. Here are a few offhand. What would this business of life be if you never felt pitiful, sorry, indignant, or angry? If you never chuckled in triumph or laughed for sheer joy? Think of it! How dull! And the people with the quickest brains, the most alive sensibilities, must always be the most emotional. They can't help it. They may sneer at tears, but they are always fighting to keep them back. They may try to look as grave as owls, but they will laugh like children when the right thing is said at the right time, or the right thing is done in the right way.

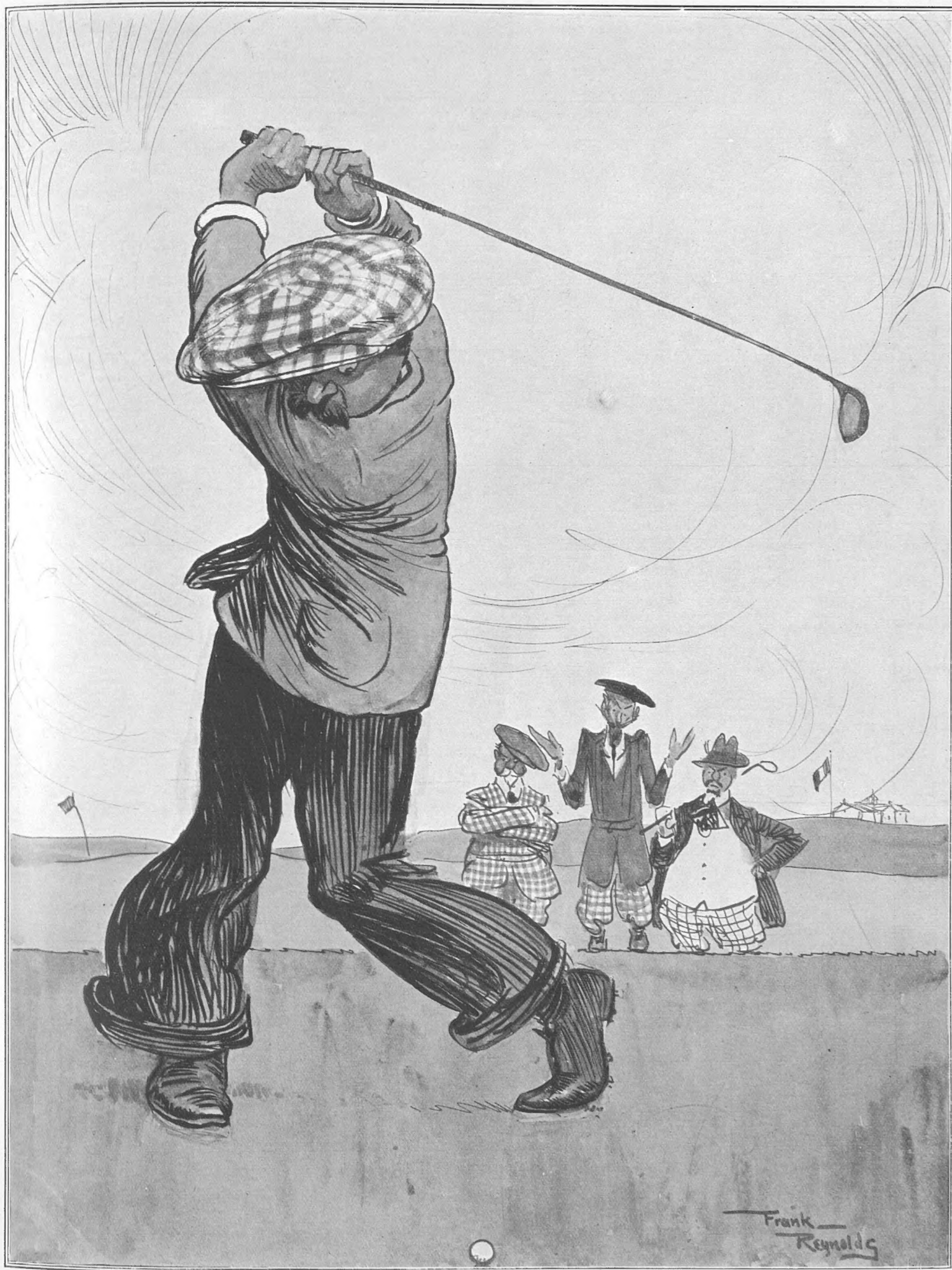
I have just come across an article in one of my daily papers headed "Women Who Never Cry." "The woman," states the writer, "who indulges in the luxury of 'a good cry' no longer exists." This is all part of the "new movement," you see. Several eminent persons have been interviewed on the subject. One was a doctor. He says: "The spread of games among girls has helped to eliminate crying." That is the hardest thing about games for girls that I have come across.

Tears and the Theatre.

A well-known actress was also interviewed on this discovery of the drought in tears. She said: "Crying does not mend matters. You must be up and doing these days." It has always been necessary to be up and doing. "These days" are not peculiar in that respect. And one of the most important jobs for the actress, as for the actor, is to make people cry. An actor or an actress who can make people cry can also make them laugh, and the actor or actress who can make people laugh and cry has the world at his or her feet.

I mean, of course, "good" tears and "good" laughter. Everybody who knows the theatre knows the difference between a good laugh and a bad one. The bad laugh comes from some extravagant action or some extravagant saying. It is simply a noise of surprise. The good laugh comes because something so true, so sympathetic has been said that it goes straight to the heart. It is exactly the same with tears. The maudlin tear is quite useless; you might as well hit the audience on the nose. The good tear has the same value as the good laugh. It means that the actor, either with the help of the dramatist or without him, has gone to the very well-spring of life. It means that all the ages have been rolled away, and that the soul of all created things has been refreshed and strengthened. That is what emotion does for us, and that, in my humble opinion, is the true function of the novel or the play.

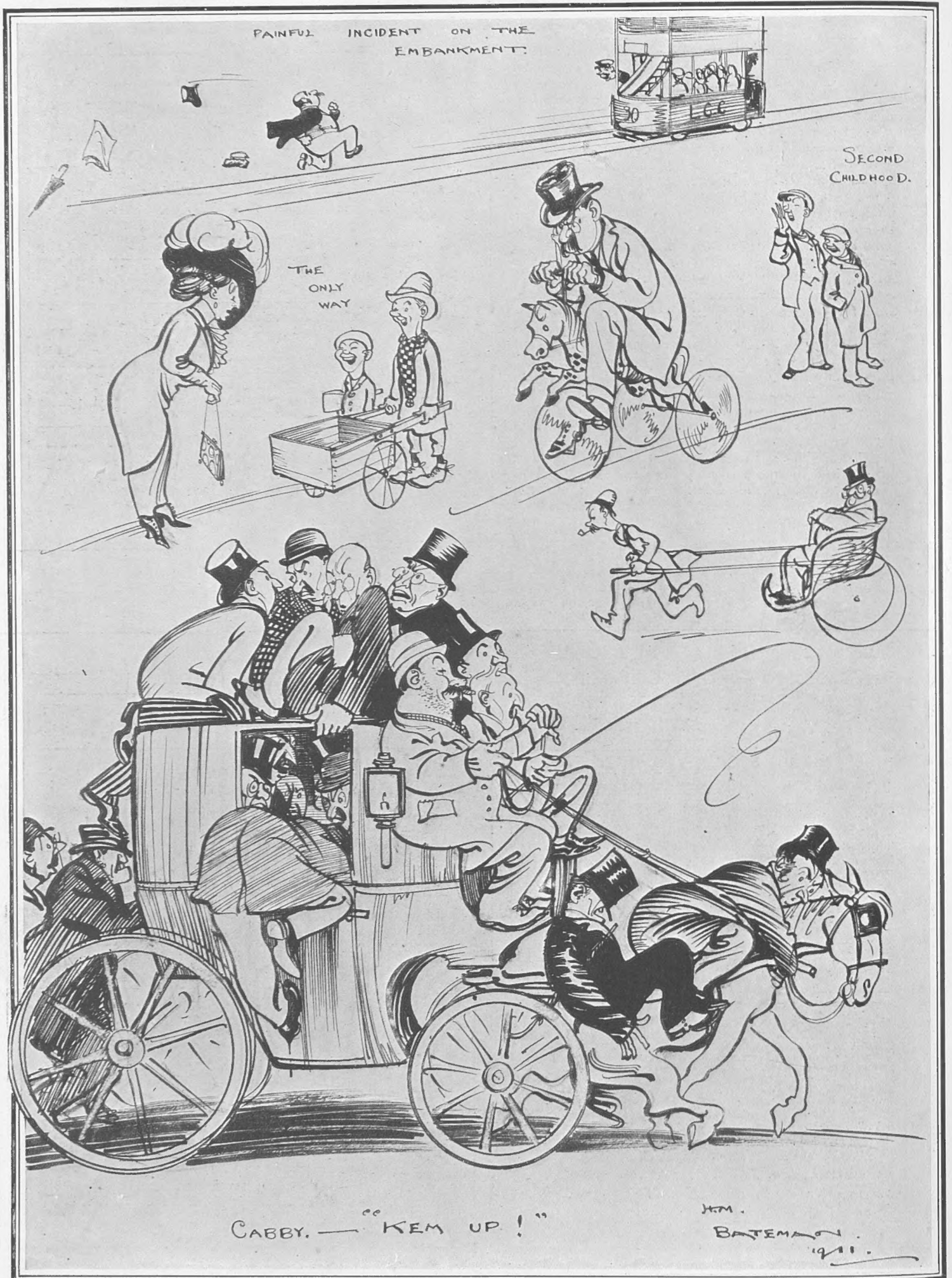
GOLFERS GROTESQUED — BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



V.—THE FLOURISHER: ARNAUD MASSY.

Massy is wont to indulge in a curious little flourish at the top of his swing. His swing itself has been called the headsman's, from its chopping action on the ball. The famous French professional was born at Biarritz in 1879, has been engaged there and at La Boulie, and is now at the Niville Golf Club, St. Jean-de-Luz. He first won the French Open Championship in 1906. The next year he won it again, and also the British Open Championship at Hoylake.

WHO GOES HOME? EXTRA VEHICLES COME INTO USE.



NO TWOPENCES TO WATCH—BUT PROGRESS SLOWER: IN THE DAYS OF THE TAXI STRIKE.

We do not know whether, during the taxi strike, any of our readers have actually been put to shifts of the kind here illustrated for the purpose of going about their daily pursuits. Our Artist evidently seems to think that they have, and, even if that is not the case, his pictorial suggestions may prove useful in the event of the strike continuing. There has certainly been a recrudescence in town of those phenomena which we had believed to be extinct—the horse and the cabby—both the hansom and growler varieties.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

QUEENS OF SPORT; AND OF THE STAGE: DIANAS AND A DANCER.



OAK-BRANCHES AS "LAURELS" OF THE CHASE: PRESENTATIONS BY THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO SPORTSWOMEN.

An interesting ceremony took place at Doberitz at the end of last month. This was the presentation by the Kaiser of oak-branches, as trophies of the chase, to the ladies who had taken part in the hunting.—[Photograph by Hackel.]



"THE WONDER CREATURE": Mlle. STASIA NAPIERKOWSKA IN THE "DANSE DES SUPPLICATIONS" IN "LES AILES." AT THE PALACE.

It was arranged that Mlle. Stasia Napierkowska, famous in Paris as "the Wonder Creature" on account of her remarkable mimetic powers, should make her first appearance in England on Monday night at the Palace, in the Oriental ballet "Les Ailes," specially written for her by Chekri Ganem, author of "Antar," and produced at the Folies Bergères. The music is by Louis Ganne. The chief dances in it are "La Danse des Supplications" and "L'Abeille." The latter, which has been described as an exquisite blend of daring voluptuousness and girlish innocence, has to do with an inquisitive and irritatingly elusive bee, which has found its way beneath the draperies of a young Arabian girl. "L'Abeille" created a sensation in Paris. A special company of Arabs has been engaged for the Palace performance. Mlle. Napierkowska also appears in "La Danse du Feu," the music of which is by Rimski Karsakow.—[Photograph by Schneider.]

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THE PERPLEXED HUSBAND, by **ALFRED SUTRO.** Mat. Weds. Sats. 2.30.

EMPIRE. "NEW YORK," New Ballet, **LYDIA KYASHT,**
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THE MOTOR SHOW AT OLYMPIA. OUR SECOND SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT.

ALTHOUGH in the Supplement given with our last issue we illustrated and described many of the principal cars in the great Show at Olympia, the tale of exhibits was by no means exhausted, and this week we again present our readers with a similar Supplement, which, we trust, may prove equally interesting and useful. It is indeed an amazing spectacle which presents itself under the vast roof of Olympia, when it is remembered how recent are the beginnings of the modern car. The rapid progress of the invention which has revolutionised our streets and relegated the horse and the hansom to the limbo of back numbers was amusingly caricatured by Mr. H. M. Bateman in a double-page drawing in the last Supplement, showing how on one occasion Mother Shipton prophesied perhaps better than she knew. Had the late W. E. Henley been living now, he might have written another and even finer "Song of Speed." Some poet, indeed, ought to celebrate in Homeric verse the achievements of the modern Vulcan, now to be admired of the other gods and goddesses in the Olympian halls. Here, Mr. Kipling, is a subject made to your hand. Surely the wonders of petrol are as inspiring as the hum of the "purrin' dynamos." If the artist of the brush, as suggested on the cover of our Supplement, is to decorate the modern car's exterior, his brother artist of the muse must not be left behind.

"Windsor: The Castle of Our Kings, and Some Notes Concerning Eton College," by Arthur Goddard, is the title of a luxurious work which Messrs. Jarrold & Sons have just published. The volume deals with the pictorial and romantic side of the story of Windsor Castle and Eton College, rather than with the historical. The work is the outcome of many years of collecting and research, and the author has brought to bear on his fascinating theme not only a facile pen but a genuine enthusiasm and first-hand knowledge. The work is more lavishly and beautifully illustrated than any previous volume dealing with the subject, and pictures the story of the Castle from the primitive days of William the Conqueror to those of King George V. and the Aerial Post. It contains six full-page photogravures, fifteen charming collotype plates mounted on antique paper, some Baxter miniatures reproduced in four colours, and more than one hundred illustrations in half-tone and line. The author and publishers have spared neither pains nor expense to make the book interesting, attractive, rich in production, and worthy of its theme. The price of the work is one-and-a-half guineas net; edition de luxe, three guineas net.

MR. HEINEMANN'S NEW 6/- NOVELS

N.B.—Mr. HEINEMANN has just published New Novels by WM. DE MORGAN, E. F. BENSON, MAX BEERBOHM, and Mrs. HODGSON BURNETT.

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ZULEIKA DOBSON	MAX BEERBOHM
JUGGERNAUT	E. F. BENSON
LOVE LIKE THE SEA	J. E. PATTERSON.
ESSENCE OF HONEYMOON	H. P. ROBINSON
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TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Seventy-five (from July 12 to Oct. 4, 1911) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

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The Difficulties of the Italians.

The Italians have undoubtedly found that the occupation of Tripoli is a more difficult military operation than they expected, and the calling up of reserves indicates that they are going to throw a very large force indeed into the new nominally annexed province. It is said that Izzet Pasha, a most capable soldier, is now in command of the Turks and their Arab allies before the town of Tripoli, and that Enver Bey, most orthodox of Mohammedans, is rousing the Senussis and the other desert tribes for a Holy War against the Christian invaders. The continual harassing of their outposts is exactly the form of warfare that soldiers of any Latin race dislike the most. They are excellent in attack, but to be quiescent and to be shot at does not bring out the best qualities of the Italians, French, or Spaniards. The withdrawal of the Italian outposts nearer to the city is a compliment to the tactics of their enemies.

Egypt a Difficult Neighbour.

Tripoli's position next door to Egypt is a misfortune for the Italians, for Egypt still remains in sentiment a province of Turkey, and the Khedive, when he makes his yearly sea-journey to the Bosphorus, does so as a vassal of the Sultan. The English in Egypt, though they could and would prevent any large force of Turks passing through that country to the aid of their comrades, cannot stop the landing of individuals, and their journey by the desert routes to join the Turkish force; and Izzet Pasha and Enver Bey in Tripoli are each worth 10,000 men. A rising of the Senussis will mean that all the supplies of the desert will be at the service of the Turkish troops, who may go hungry, but who will not starve; and the prospect of looting thousands of rifles and millions of cartridges will be a greater incentive to the Arabs than hoards of gold and treasure-houses of jewels would be.

The Staleness of the German Army.

The *Times* military correspondent, who this year saw both the French and the German manœuvres, has written a series of extremely interesting articles establishing the fact that the German military Colossus has feet of clay. The staleness of the German army makes itself evident in many ways. A German officer at last year's manœuvres in England was watching the transport of a British regiment arriving at a camping-ground. A sergeant called out to the nearest body of men resting by their piled rifles, "Now then, my lads, some of you lend a hand and get this wagon unloaded"; and all the men jumped up at once and ran to the wagon. The German officer remarked to the English officer who stood by, "In Germany we should have been obliged to give an order to each man to get that done." A German regiment marching does so with dogged persistency, and there is none of that rattle of chaff up and down the lines that runs freely in a British or a French regiment when the men are marching at ease. As a German regiment

enters its barracks after a long march the men are ordered to do the parade step, that wonderful "knees-up" movement, to show they have some devil left in them; but this official act of light-heartedness is the only sign of spirit they give. The subaltern officers of the German army long for a war, so as to obtain a chance of quick promotion, for at present an officer serves as a subaltern seventeen or eighteen years before he obtains his company, and Germany finds it just as difficult as Great Britain does to induce the right class of men to enter her military service as officers. The Kaiser Manœuvres, those immense set-pieces of military pageantry which are supposed to represent the manœuvres leading up to a tremendous German victory, are calculated to impress the German soldier with the idea that an enemy will always place himself in a position to be beaten by the Germans—a comfortable faith which might lead to a very rude awakening.

The Late Mr. Pulitzer's Yacht.

Probably Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, who has just died on his yacht off Charleston, was the most wonderful journalist the world has ever produced. The boy Hungarian Jew, who swam ashore to avoid the chance of being turned back at an American port, who was a soldier and a stoker before he became a journalist, was a man of enormous mental activities, but when blindness came upon him he paid the price of the tremendous strain he had always put upon his nerves by an intense susceptibility to noise of any kind. His bed-room in his house in New York had double walls, with a packing between, and his cabin on his yacht was isolated in much the same way.

A Hundred Years Ago.

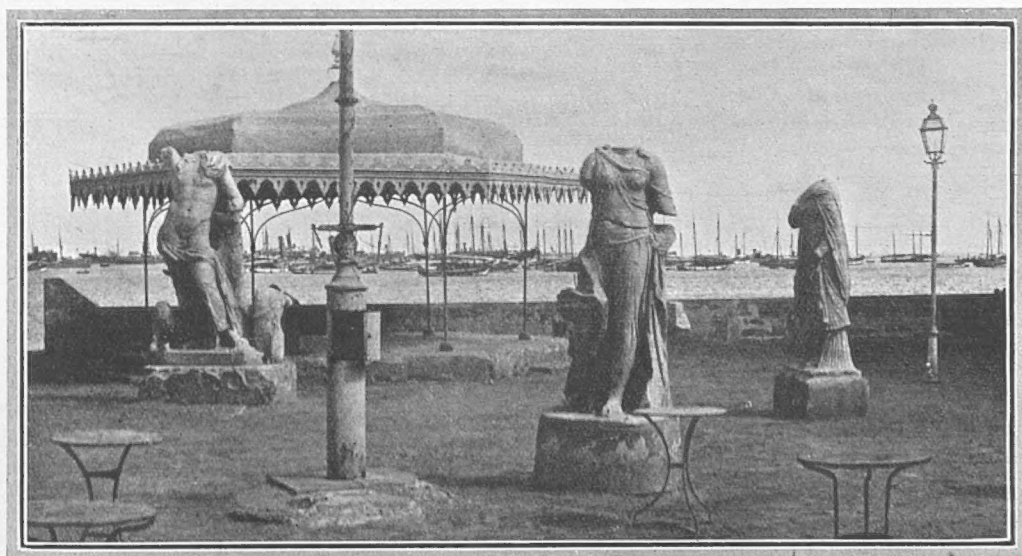
All London is chatting now about the new opera-house which Mr. Hammerstein has built in Kingsway, an opera-house which in many respects resembles the Scala at Milan. It is curious to find that London just one hundred years ago was talking about a new opera-house which had lately been built, and which also was said to be on the lines of the Scala. This was the Pantheon in Oxford Street, which was to have a hundred and seventy-one boxes, and a stage as grand and extensive as the "late one" in Drury Lane. The Pantheon promised to be a formidable rival to the Opera House in the Haymarket. The subsequent history of the Pantheon,

however, was a curious one. When I first remember it, it had become a bazaar—a fact firmly impressed on my mind because the dentist who pulled out my first set of teeth lived hard by, and whenever I had courageously borne the operation of an extraction, I was taken into the bazaar and given as a reward a little cactus in a terra-cotta pot. The Pantheon at that time had been opera-house and theatre and ball-room in turn. When it ceased to be a bazaar, Messrs. Gilbey entered possession and converted it into the headquarters of their business.



A MAN AS LA GIOCONDA: HERR SIEGFRIED HOFER AS MONA LISA.

Our readers will recall that in our issue of October 18 we presented Miss Enid Bell as Mona Lisa. We are now able to show a man as the lady of the missing masterpiece. Herr Siegfried Hofer, engaged as a "Komiker" at the Royal German Opera House in Prague, has had painted a large picture of Mona Lisa with a hole in place of the head. Through this hole he puts his own head, and so, masquerading as La Gioconda, sings a comic song dealing with the picture and its theft.—[Photograph by Grunberger.]



"ATROCITIES" IN TRIPOLI: STATUES BEHEADED BY TURKS.

The religious scruples of the Turks caused the removal of the heads of these statues—not a new thing. The works are seen by the bandstand, which is behind the old military club at Tripoli.—[Photograph by Central News.]



M. BERGSON was puzzled in London, not so much by new problems in the nature of the Soul, as by his popularity. In Paris he can wander out of University precincts and be unknown. In London he was recognised by fervent admirers at the street-corners. During one bus excursion he could not help noticing the strange behaviour of the man opposite him. With bending of head and screwing of eyes the man looked first at his paper, then at the philosopher. At length he leant forward, exclaiming: "I am sure of it, you are Bergson! You're exactly like your portrait here." This personal interest is new to M. Bergson, and he still marvels at a certain element in his audience—the intent listeners who could not understand French. And even those who could understand were dumb when they were introduced to him. "I would no more try to speak your language because I like the way you use it than I would leap before Nijinsky because I like his dancing," said one girl to him—in English. And the philosopher, more daring,



TO BE MARRIED ON THE 8TH, AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER:
MISS VIOLET RAWSON AND LORD LECONFIELD.

Miss Violet Rawson is a daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel P. H. Rawson, Conservative M.P. for the Reigate Division of Surrey, and Lady Beatrice Rawson, sister of the Earl of Lichfield. Miss Rawson was born in 1892. Lord Leconfield, who was born in 1872, is a nephew of Lord Rosebery. He was formerly in the 1st Life Guards, and was wounded in the South African War. His country seats are at Petworth, Sussex, and Cockermouth Castle, Cumberland.

Photographs by Speaight and Kevis.

in which Mr. Balfour did not fear to encounter the dread initials of dismissal which his opponents have attempted to make a catchword of the "Balfour-must-go" movement. Indeed, the tenour of Lady Londonderry's invitation to him was not "B.M.G." but "B.M.C."—Balfour must come!

An Astory. Lieut. J. J. Astor, who is now named for service on the Viceroy's Durbar staff, will view the riches of the East with some stirrings of ancestral interest. Although he is singularly unspoilt by riches, riches are in his blood; and his family have dealt in territories much as other men deal in hams. John Jacob Astor, from whom he gets his initials, was once asked to name the largest sum he had ever made in one transaction. This was a query he was too modest to answer, but he volunteered an account of the largest sum that he had failed to make. With two others he had planned to buy Louisiana from France and sell it to the United States, retaining the public



TO MARRY MR. HENRY ATLAY GILLUM-WEBB ON THE 8TH: MISS EVELYN WOOD.

Miss Wood is a daughter of Mr. Francis Adelbert Wood, late of the 60th Rifles, of Hallow Park, Worcestershire. Mr. Gillum-Webb, who is in the 2nd Worcestershire, is the only son of the late Colonel Gillum-Webb, of the 36th Regiment, and Mrs. Gillum-Webb, of Tewkesbury.

Photograph by Swaine.

made his reply in her own tongue.

At the Tables.

The town, and its tables, are full. The Duchess of Marlborough, interested in all hostels for working women, has been taking her place at the Ritz with an expert's eye on the bill-of-fare and the women-kind that surround her there. While she was with her father, Mr. William Gillett kept congenial company with actors



MR. H. TALBOT WATSON, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MRS. PAWSON WAS FIXED FOR THE 7TH.

The wedding of Mr. H. Talbot Watson, of 2, John Street, Mayfair, and Mrs. Pawson, a well-known Society beauty, was arranged to take place on Tuesday, the 7th. A full-page portrait of Mrs. Pawson is given in this number.

Photograph by Mayall.

domain and charging two and a half per cent. commission. The three changed their minds one night at dinner, probably because an inferior cook ruffled them. "I calculate I lost thirty millions of dollars by failing to go into that deal," said Astor, as if he half regretted it.

Missing

Even when Mr. Sargent was at attention there was a famine of fine portraits in



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT A. HUGH TAYLOR, R.N., ON THE 11TH: MISS MAUDE VIOLET BISSET.

Miss Maude Violet Bisset is the elder daughter of Colonel Sir William Bisset, K.C.I.E., of Hill House, Stoke Poges, formerly Government Director of Indian Railways. Lieutenant A. Hugh Taylor, who is in the Navy, is the third son of Mr. Alfred Taylor, of Starston Place, Norfolk.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

and an Earl. Lord Craven, the patron of eight livings, went gaily through his eight courses amid lively conversation with Sir Herbert Tree and Mr. Townsend Martin. Lady Craven, born a Bradley-Martin of New York, was not there to give the proper American accent to the menu; and thus establish close kinship with the diners at half-a-dozen of the neighbouring tables.

"B. M. C." Mr. Balfour's presence at Wynyard Park may be regarded as something more than a polite call. His fellow-guests were the Countess of Ilchester, the Earl of Ancaster, Viscount and Viscountess Boyle, Lady Elcho, Lord and Lady Dalmeny, Lord Hugh Cecil, Lord Farquhar, Sir Hedworth Williamson, and Sir Charles Cust. Other ladies and gentlemen were there, and they too had gone to Lord and Lady Londonderry's with their hearts full of political convictions and leadership-loyalty. It was an atmosphere



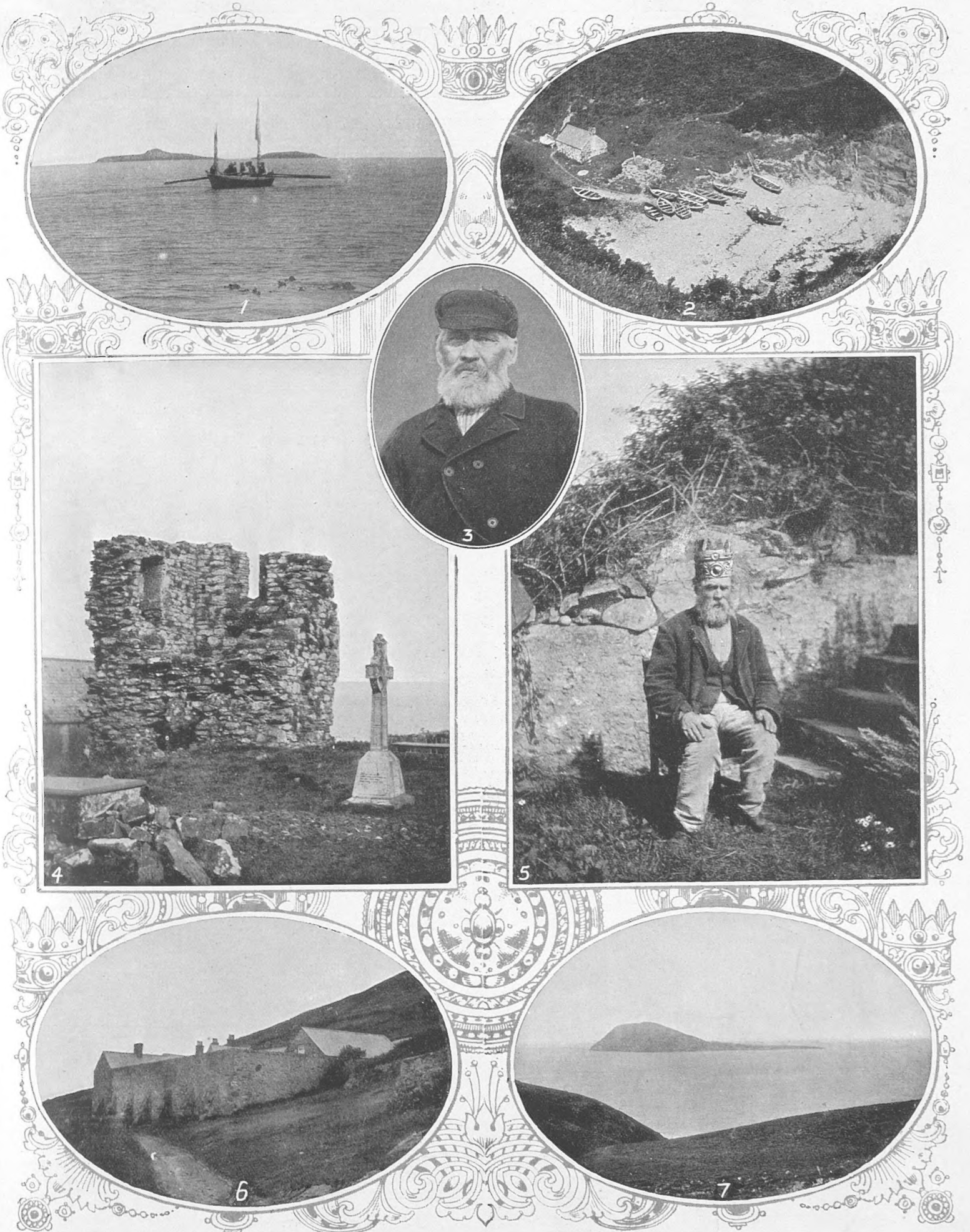
TO BE MARRIED ON THE 11TH: MR. PAUL ST. CLAIR AND MISS CHARLOTTE LITTLE.

Mr. Paul St. Clair is the second son of the Hon. Lockhart St. Clair, only brother of Lord Sinclair, and was born in 1885. He is a lieutenant in the Royal Field Artillery. Miss Charlotte Little is the only child of Major Cosmo and Lady Guendolen Little, of Upton House, Tetbury. Her mother is a sister of the Earl of Shrewsbury.—[Photographs by Val l'Estrange.]

England. Sitters insist upon growing up quicker than the painters; while the art-schools turn out one painter in seven years, the nurseries turn out a lovely population into a world that has quite enough blank canvases to carry them all. Mr. J. J. Shannon was always something more than Sargent's understudy, but he cannot bear the whole brunt of the coming generations. Who is to paint the Prince of Wales? Before what easel is Diana Churchill to stand? Where is the painter fit for last week's bride, Viscountess Gormanston, since her mother, Lady Butler's, art is all for the redcoats rather than for orange-blossoms? And now another blow falls upon the world of impatient sitters: Mr. John Lavery is just landed in America. When will he be released? Will the land of the dollar prove itself as retentive of a new master as it is acquisitive of the works of the old?

THE KINGDOM WITH AN "ARMY" OF ONE WOODEN SOLDIER:

BARDSEY ISLAND, WHOSE NEW "MONARCH" HAS JUST BEEN ELECTED.



1. HOMEWARD BOUND: PEOPLE OF BARDSEY RETURNING TO THE ISLAND FROM ABERDARON.
2. THE "FLEET" OF THE ISLANDERS WHO HAVE THEIR OWN "KING": THE CREEK IN WHICH THE BOATS ARE KEPT.
3. THE "KING"-ELECT OF BARDSEY ISLAND. MR. LOVE PRITCHARD.
4. HELD TO BE A RELIC OF THE FIFTH CENTURY ABBEY OF BARDSEY: THE RUINED TOWER IN THE CEMETERY, BELIEVED TO BE A MEMORIAL TO THE THOUSANDS OF "SAINTS," WHO, ACCORDING TO TRADITION, ARE BURIED ON THE ISLAND.

5. WEARING HIS CROWN: THE EX-"KING" OF BARDSEY ISLAND, A DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST "KING"
6. WITH FARMYARD PROTECTED AGAINST HEAVY WEATHER BY HIGH WALLS: A BARDSEY ISLAND HOMESTEAD.
7. AS SEEN FROM THE WELSH COAST: BARDSEY ISLAND.

The "King" of the Island of Bardsey abdicated four years ago, and a new "king" is about to be crowned. The ruler-elect of the sixty-four people of the place is Mr. Love Pritchard, a bachelor of nearly seventy, who is engaged in farming and fishing. At the moment he is building a boat, and it is rumoured that the launch of this and the coronation will take place at one and the same time. Bardsey Island is in the Irish Sea, off the County of Carnarvon and near the north point of Cardigan Bay. Bardsey Sound divides it from the mainland. It gets its name (Bards' Island) from the tradition that it was the last retreat of the Welsh bards. In ancient times it had a great reputation for sanctity, and its abbey was the scene of many pilgrimages. To be buried in its soil was a thing much to be desired, and it is believed that over 50,000 "saints" gained this privilege. It was a former Lord Newborough, owner of the island, who first gave it a "king," or headman, investing him with a crown, and presenting him with an "army," consisting of a wooden figure painted to represent a soldier, and an antique casket for use as a royal treasure-chest.



By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

REALISM on the stage is getting beyond the real pump and the real hansom-cab. For "The Miracle," at Olympia, they are collecting one hundred clean old men with bald heads, and one hundred clean old men with real white beards. And the day after the production, amateur critics will be telling us how badly the elderly supers are made up.

Mr. Black, of Newark, N.J., wants a perfect shorthand-typist who will swear never to dance, flirt, powder her nose, nor marry. Office hours, nine to five; wages, £4 per week. Here's a glorious chance for the independent woman who wants to live her own life. Four whole pounds a week, and no brute of a husband to feed! Don't all speak at once!



Yuan Shi Kai, the Chinese Bismarck, was dismissed from his last post on the pretence that a bad foot prevented him from using his brains. Now that the Government wants him to put down the rebellion he replies that he does not wish to run the chance of putting his foot in it.

BOHEMIA.

(Mr. George R. Sims says: "I do not know where Bohemia is now.")

Where's that mysterious land,
Loved and belated Bohemia?
Is it, I sadly demand,
A dream of the days that were
dramier—
When artists were reckless and
vague,
Careless in dress and behavi-
our,
Ere the vanishing city of Prague
Was merged in the squares of
Belgravia?

The gipsy has entered our gates;
The theatre—Straight and
Variety—
Pays rent, also taxes and rates,
And is merely a fringe of Society.
Mr. Sims thinks, in "Mustard
and Cress,"
The age is both duller and
seamier,
And is tearfully forced to confess
That he doesn't know where
is Bohemia.

TO BOHEMIA



Medical statisticians inform us that thirty large walnut-kernels contain as much fat as 2½ lb. of lean beef. When your doctor tries this on you with his best bedside manner, don't be had. The catch is in the "lean."

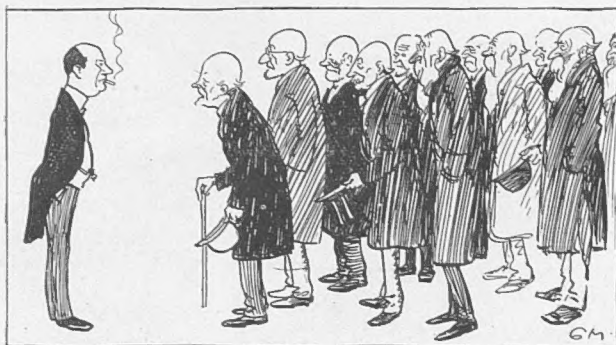


Gospodin Tikhoff, the Russian astronomer, has taken some remarkable photographs of Mars which show that planet's canals to be filled with something of a green colour. Even the Martians are in the *purée des petits pois*.

Durbar Notes. At all State processions in India the elephants are made up with red and orange cheeks. This is the native way of reducing the more intelligent beast to the level of man.

"Who says that the County Court is not a place where you can get amusement?" inquired Judge Steavenson at Wigton. No one; except the central figure in the comedy.

Frenchmen in French colonies are not like the Frenchmen of Paris. In Indo-China, postage-stamps were adorned with the portraits of young natives who, it afterwards



turned out, were not exactly dragons of virtue. The stamps have now been cancelled, and pictures of legendary dragons have been substituted on the new issues. France is making strenuous efforts to administer her colonies on English lines.

How are we going to summon the new Blériot aerial taxicab? Probably by a new Marconi wireless whistle.

Sun-cooked vegetarian dishes are the latest fad with uneasy eaters. In the late summer months both diners and vegetables were equally

cooked by the sun; but just now the good old-fashioned kitchen range knocks the sun out in half a round.

Canon Horsley says that he would rather eat a thousand snails than one oyster. Dahlia-growers are simply clamouring for the Canon to fire away at their crop of delicacies.

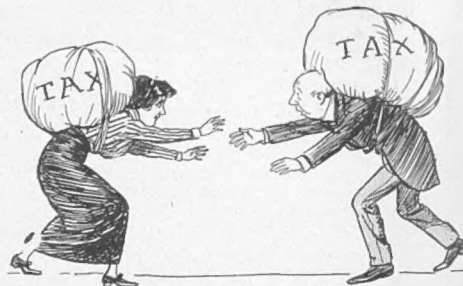


"In England and the United States," says the *Evening News*, "the consumption of soap per head of the population is fourteen pounds, while Russia is content with one-and-a-half pounds per head." And that is eaten.

Kingsway's new Opera House has got a special box for the Lord Mayor. Times have changed since the days when the Lord Mayor's lady, visiting the opera, said: "Rot your Italianos! For my part, I likes a simple ballad."

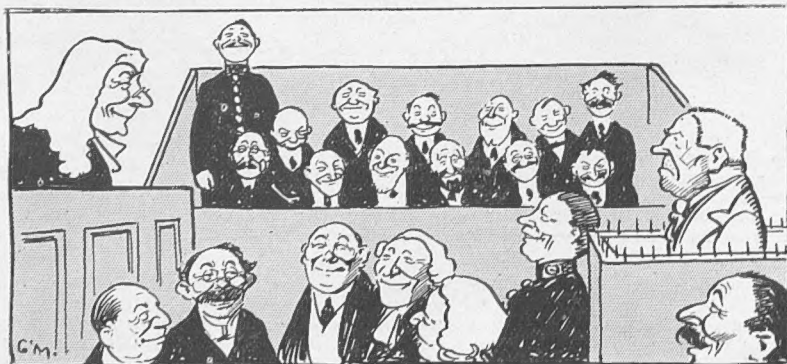
The Chinese say that they are going to reform their spelling. To get this reform is the real reason why they have started with a revolution.

Reuss (Elder Branch) is a principality that is down on the unmarried. It is going to impose a heavy tax on bachelors and spinsters, and as there cannot be more than half-a-dozen of each in the tiny State, a marriage here and there should put everything right.



THE ICONOCLAST AND THE SHOW.

(Mr. Robert Dickenson wants to do away with the Lord Mayor's Show, which he describes as "tawdry.")



Mr. Dickenson, it's shocking!
You iconoclastic person,
Thus to advocate the docking
Of the Lord Mayor's Show.
I opine the proposition
Is a wickedly perverse 'un,
And I hold the abolition
Would be downright low.

Mr. Dickenson, have pity
On our mediæval mumming,
Nor condemn the ancient city
To unceasing work.
Let us keep the old procession,
And the trumpeting and drum-
ming;
Though (you'll pardon the confes-
sion)
It's a thing I shirk.

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD: ITS CHINESE SIDE.



BUILT TO STOP THE PASSAGE OF EVIL SPIRITS, WHICH CAN ONLY MOVE IN STRAIGHT LINES: A DEFENSIVE WALL
RAISED AGAINST BEINGS OF ANOTHER WORLD, NEAR HANKAU.

This wall was erected to stop evil spirits, presumably on the principle which causes the ordinary middle-class dwelling-house in China to have inside the front door a fixed screen, which compels anyone entering the house to turn either to the right or to the left. The object of this is to keep out evil spirits, which are only able to move in straight lines.



AT THE TIME OF THE "SWEEPING OF TOMBS": A CHINESE FESTIVAL OF THE DEAD—A PHOTOGRAPH SUGGESTING A FIELD
OF BROAD-LEAVED PLANTS INVADDED BY STILT-WALKERS.

With regard to Chinese festivals of the dead, we may quote Mr. R. F. Johnston's "Lion and Dragon in Northern China." "On the first day of the tenth month the family tombs are visited and the same ceremonies observed as at the Ch'ing-Ming festival. This is one of the three days in the year that are regarded as specially sacred to the souls of the departed." Of the Ch'ing-Ming festival, Mr. Johnston writes: "The Ch'ing-Ming, or 'pure and bright' festival . . . is a movable feast generally occurring early in the third Chinese month. . . . This is one of the occasions on which family reunions take place. It is a holiday season, and there is plenty of jollity and feasting, but the sacrifices and the 'sweeping of tombs' are regarded as sacred duties."—[Photographs by Chusseau-Flaviens.]



BY E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

"The Great Young Man."

Last week in this column I was suggesting, perhaps somewhat unkindly, that those ingenious, entertaining people "The Follies" in their burlesques try rather too hard to be funny absolutely, and work too much on the theory that they have to amuse people the majority of whom have not seen the thing burlesqued. Prince V. Bariatsky's play, "The Great Young Man," now running at the Kingsway, to some extent answers the criticism involved in my suggestion. Perhaps the piece presents a vivid satire upon official life in Russia, but which of us knows anything about the official life, or can appreciate the point of the satire? It is a cruel thing for all parties when the exact point is not understood. A curious instance comes to my mind: Years ago I was at a crowded fashionable reception. A number of Italian opera-singers were engaged to stimulate the conversation. Among them, I recollect, was Carlotta Patti, sister of the famous Adelina. However, the tale does not refer to her but to a buffo, a great fat Italian with a huge elastic face, immense dyed eyebrows, and a blatant, florid black wig: he sang to us with colossal energy a comic song from some Italian opera, and we—all of us respectable mid and late Victorians—never guessed that the song was supposed to be comic, possibly a little roguish too, and that he was trying to be funny. He was prodigiously funny. We thought the affair tragic or sentimental; certainly it was tragic—the more fantastic his noises, the more amazing his grimaces, the more inconceivable his vast gestures, the greater our efforts to restrain laughter which would have seemed a breach of good manners, and the deeper our sufferings from restraint. At the end, gloomy silence, broken by a stampede on the lucky announcement of supper.

Latent Humour. The tale came into my mind when watching "The Great Young Man." It seemed possible that there were in it great humours that I did not understand. Mr. Charles Bryant, who took the name-part, appeared to understand them and enjoy them, and he indulged in a great deal of laughter. I imagine that the author's wife also was "behind the scenes." To me, alas! the whole affair was rather sordid, painful if true, but, fortunately and unfortunately, having little air of truth: a farce without merriment, a puppet piece in which the dolls danced an ugly measure. People used to denounce Ibsen's plays as ugly and sordid; but they happen to be thrilling because the people of them—strange people, sometimes, and a great deal out of our acquaintance—are fascinatingly true, and the apparent artlessness of construction conceals the highest art yet reached in the craft of the stage. Prince Bariatsky's work gets along somehow. It begins with a preliminary scene of explanation, in which a father-in-law tells his daughter's husband a lot of things which he knows his son-in-law knows. (This reminded me of a story "John Oliver Hobbes" used to tell of a play which started with a woman saying to her son, "You will recollect that you were born thirty-four years ago in the great City of London, the child of poor but honourable parents.") After this, we had an act of which the chief figure, apparently, was Nablotsky's fascinating,

coquettish wife, who possessed a slang vocabulary that would have interested Mr. G. R. Sims, and sprawled about and jumped about in a fashion that gave a queer idea of the manners of the Russian aristocracy. The second act switches one on to the husband and his misdeeds: his one agreeable misdeed being the Baroness Bideringshof, a charming little sinner with the morals of a peacock and the conscience of an ostrich: she was quite charmingly and very ably acted by Miss Aimée de Burgh. Half the third act is a revival of interest in the Princess, who has a violent love-scene, in which she admits incidentally that she has been the mistress of her husband's superior in office, for no particular reason, and she has prodigious emotions and a fainting-fit over the declaration of love of the good young man of the play, with whom, in the end, she is so kind as to agree to elope. The rest of the act shows the great young man blackmailing two people into getting him out of a scrape, due to his having embezzled Government funds.



APPEARING IN "THE GREAT YOUNG MAN," AT THE KINGSWAY, PRINCESS BARIATINSKY (MME. LYDIA YAVORSKA.)

Princess Bariatsky opened a new season at the Kingsway, the other day, appearing in "The Great Young Man," a revised version of her husband's three-act comedy, "The Career of Nablotsky."

interesting than the drama, although some able players did their best to keep the pot a-boiling.

The Acting.

The play may present a scathingly true picture of Russian life; but what care I how bad it be, if it be not bad to me? Unless it is good drama it is nought; and it is not good drama, nor even written with that pernicious cleverness that contrives showy if unreal characters; so there was nothing very noteworthy in the acting unless it were the clever work of Miss Aimée de Burgh, and the performance was not much more

Fiftieth Performance

It was not my fortune to see the first night of "The Mousmé," successor to that prodigiously popular piece, "The Arcadians," and therefore an invitation to the fiftieth performance was welcome. In honour of the event—not of my presence but of the fiftieth performance—three new numbers have been introduced: a duet concerning "The Child"; a song and dance, called "The Girl Behind the Gun"; and a trio entitled "East and West." It is almost needless to say they were heartily welcomed by the audience, which gave a very favourable reception to the play. An interesting, novel feature of the affair was the new programme, which contains a number of pages of reading matter, including a brief history of the Shaftesbury Theatre. Glancing at this history for a moment, I should like to ask whether it is correct to say that in 1889 Mr. Willard began a series of notable successes in "The Middleman," "Judah," and "The Pharisee." According to my records, "Judah," which was produced on May 21, 1890, was succeeded in October of that year by "The Sixth Commandment," under the management of Mrs. Lancaster Wallis, in which Mr. Willard did not appear, and that play was short-lived, for it was followed on Nov. 17 by "The Pharisee," an able play from the pen of Mrs. Wallis and Mr. Malcolm Watson, which had less success than it deserved. It seems worth while to correct errors of this sort, as they are apt to lead to confusion.



SAID TO HAVE LONGER HAIR THAN ANY OTHER WOMAN IN EUROPE: MME. ALINE VALLANDRI.

Mme. Vallandri is to sing at the first performance at the new London Opera House. It is said that her hair is longer than that of any other woman in Europe. It is copper-gold in colour and, when loose, falls to her ankles.

DRAWN IN A PRISON, WITH USED MATCHES!

SKETCHES AND SCULPTURES BY M. SOFUS MADSEN, WHO WAS ARRESTED AS A SPY.



1. "ENVY."—DRAWN WITH A USED MATCH.

2. "THE MUSE OF MELODY."

3. "THE NORWEGIAN MADAME BUTTERFLY."

4. "THE ARTISTS IN PRISON."—DRAWN WITH A USED MATCH.

5. "ENERGY."

While travelling through the Riesenbirge in company with a brother-artist, M. Sofus Madsen, the celebrated Norwegian sculptor, recently had an extraordinary adventure. The travellers had an altercation with some peasants, who followed them, and, with the idea of being revenged, pointed them out to German police as spies. As a result, the artists were arrested, handcuffed, and taken to the local police office. There they told their story and were asked for passports they could not produce, whereupon they were imprisoned in the local gaol. They were kept there for some time, until it was proved to the satisfaction of the authorities that they were not spies, but innocent artists. While they were in prison, their food was of the coarsest, their bed was of straw, and there was little light, as the cell was below the level of the road. Drawing materials were refused, but this did not prevent the artists making drawings with the aid of used matches.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE statistics of the Queen's new Court train are appalling. If Queen Mary had not been, in her own time, responsible herself for a million or so of stitches, she might be oppressed

with the knowledge that this fragment of her costume, the gift of Belfast, contains five millions and a quarter of them. To the amateur, the mere counting of them suggests a hundred headaches: but Queen Mary, in whose system of domestic economy no minute must be wasted, must bow to the fact, and be grateful for it, that a total of 98,000 hours has gone to the making of the train she will wear in Delhi. The donors refrain only from naming the cost of their gift. In Germany, according to an anecdote told by the Emperor himself, they save time and money in such matters. One chilly morning his Majesty was handed an envelope containing a hundred marks; the anonymous message with it ran: "I saw you at the review yesterday; it seemed to me that you were not so warmly clad as you should be. Please expend the money on thick garments." While Queen Mary has her train, and the tale

admirers in Pall Mall. Mr. Charles Ryan's account of the men at Plevna is matched by nothing that reaches us from Tripoli; but that is because the present war is, perforce, the worst-reported of all wars. Mr. Ryan tells of wounds long healed, but what he tells is newly told. He found his patients on the field simple-minded, courteous, honourable, and amazingly courageous. A soldier with a shattered knee not only refused chloroform during the amputation, but smoked, and answered his officer's questions quite coolly while the flap was being sewn over the stump. Twenty-seven mangled fingers were taken off in succession without a flinch from any of the patients. Such stoicism takes away from the wild horrors of war.

At Sea. The first whiff, it is said, of a real sea-breeze that Mr. Churchill en-

countered at the Admiralty was when Lord Charles Beresford bore into the building last week. But the First Lord is not slow to follow up that incident with still more authentic experiences. His week with the Fleet has come at absolutely the first moment possible to

LORD ANNALY, LORD-IN-WAITING.
Photograph by Poole.



LORD STAMFORDHAM,
PRIVATE SECRETARY TO THE
KING.

Photograph by Dickenson.

of its stitching, King George has been putting "Brisbane" through his paces. Australia would be far from happy if his Majesty did not look his gift-horse in the mouth



THE DUKE OF TECK, PERSONAL A.D.C. TO THE KING-EMPEROR, AND THE DUCHESS OF TECK, WHO IS NOT TO ACCOMPANY HER HUSBAND TO INDIA.

THE CORONATION DURBAR: MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL SUITES.

Photographs by Speaight.

and prove its excellence in all the ways known to a good judge of animals. Canada was less fortunate in a present of the same sort made to Queen Alexandra. Two splendid horses, with sweeping tails and manes, were sent from the ladies of the Dominion, but before they reached London they had been "docked" by the order of

THE EARL OF DURHAM, LORD
HIGH STEWARD.

Photograph by Lafayette.

an ill-advised member of the presentation committee. That they made the return journey over the Atlantic was but a proof of Queen Alexandra's quick eye and strong principles in regard to the treatment of horses. This is not the only case in which a gift has embarrassed Buckingham Palace. Royal sturgeon, they say, does not always fit easily on to the royal menu; and how is a private secretary to decide whether a prize potato, sent to his Majesty all the way from Vermont, U.S.A., should go into an iron pot or a glass case?

Fingers Off!

The courage of Arabs, freshly told from Tripoli, stirs memories among English soldiers. Sir William Butler was by no means the last of British officers who knew of it. Nor is the Turk without his

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE,
MISTRESS OF THE ROBES.

Photograph by Lafayette.



LIEUT.-COL. SIR FREDERICK
PONSONBY, ASSISTANT PRI-
VATE SECRETARY.

Photograph by Boissonnas and Taponier.

him. It is an old gibe against the Civil Lords that they make poor sailors. Mr. McKenna knew some of the horrors of *mal-de-mer*, but so did Lord Nelson; and



THE MARQUESS OF CREWE,
SECRETARY OF STATE FOR
INDIA.

Photograph by Haines.

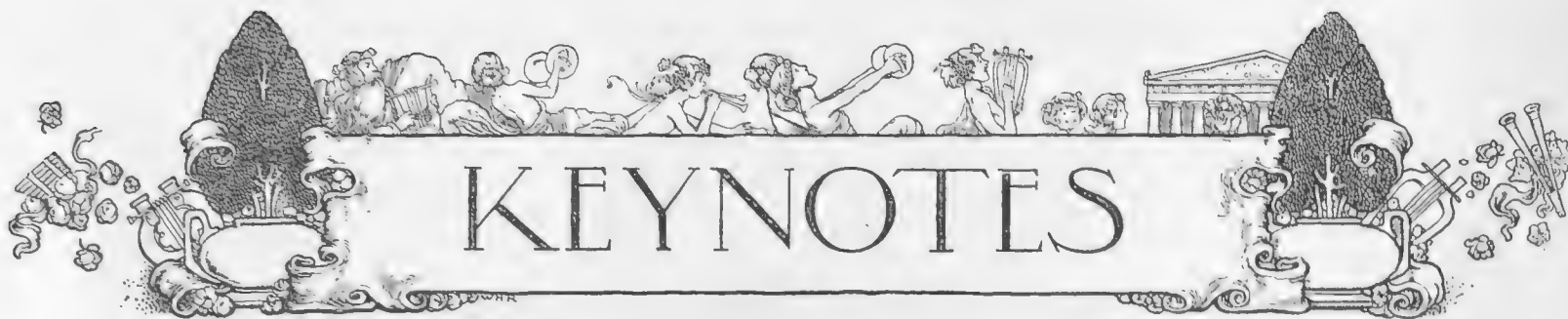
if Mr. Churchill is not so fearless of the waves as the Prime Minister (the best sailor by far among Ministers), he more than retrieves his position by his utter contempt for storms in the Commons. And Mrs. Winston Churchill, who companions the First Lord on his first official trip, knows nothing of the qualms that made the sea a misery for the hero of Trafalgar. Before Mrs. Winston Churchill christens her first ship (it is called "the naming ceremony" by a Government strictly pledged to undenominationalism) the Marchioness Camden launches a cruiser, and has no distractions in so doing. But the First Lady of the Admiralty may feel that she, like the urchin-bullied Suffragette, should "go home." She is to christen her first ship before she has christened her first son. He still awaits the ceremony, and perhaps the delay has been wise. Now he can be called Neptune or Nelson or Paul Jones. Before, he would have served his father's turn to pay a compliment to a predecessor (and become a little Gladstone) at the Home Office; or, at best, have been a Homer.

JEWEL DOCTOR! TO BE MOTHER O' SICK PEARLS AT THE LOUVRE?



TO RESTORE A FAMOUS PEARL NECKLACE TO LIFE BY WEARING IT? MME. TORTOLA VALENCIA.

It has been said that pearls which are not worn comparatively frequently against the skin are liable to grow "sick." A report comes to us that the world-famous pearl necklace of Mme. Thiers, at the Louvre, has become "ill" and that the pearls have taken on a yellow tinge. At the same time, it is suggested that a special committee of the Louvre authorities should select some well-known actress, such as the beautiful dancer Tortola Valencia, to wear this necklace, so that she might "mother" it into its original state of healthy brilliance.—[From a Camera Portrait by Hoppe.]



KEYNOTES

LAST night saw the inauguration of the hundredth season of the Philharmonic Society, a body of which this country has every reason to be proud. It may claim to have been the pioneer of musical progress in England, to have introduced many of the greatest composers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and to have given a first hearing to distinguished soloists without number. The records of the Society are full of interest, and offer a rich mine for the competent investigator who is sufficiently close to the musical life of London to gather some of the store of personal anecdotes that would make delightful reading. In these days, when we depend for our orchestral music upon bodies of professional players, and when these bodies are so numerous that it is difficult for them to obtain the full measure of support they deserve, the early history of the Society has a more than common interest. It was established by a few enthusiasts in the beginning of the year 1813, and had at first but thirty members, who gave their services without fee or reward. The first concerts were given at the Argyll Rooms, in Regent Street, Mr. Salomon, for whom Haydn wrote the well-known Salomon Symphonies, being the leader of the orchestra, and Mr. Clementi presiding at the pianoforte. In those days the conductor and his bâton were unknown, and two symphonies and two concerti, and two quartets or quintets were part of every programme. Spohr introduced the use of the bâton, and tells in his autobiography how quickly the innovation was accepted.

The list of distinguished composers who have come to London in past years at the invitation of the Society is an imposing one. It includes Cherubini, Spohr, Weber, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Gounod, and it must not be forgotten that the Society proved a good friend to Beethoven, who dedicated the Choral Symphony to it, and received on his death-bed a monetary grant that relieved him of some pressing financial worries. It was his hope to write yet another symphony for the Society had he recovered from the illness that proved fatal.

For many years the Philharmonic stood alone. The most distinguished singers and players in Europe could receive no higher honour than an invitation to perform at one of its concerts; young players whose fame was to become world-wide made their English debut under its auspices; and it may be added that to this day an invitation from the Society sets the seal upon a soloist's reputation. About the middle of last century August Manns established the Crystal Palace Orchestra, and for forty years or more it strove, in friendly rivalry with the Philharmonic, to develop the musical intelligence of England. But Manns is no more. His orchestra is dispersed, though one sees in the leading combinations of London some of the men who responded to the great German conductor when they were quite young. The Philharmonic remains with us, but of late years its supremacy has been seriously challenged by the Queen's Hall, London Symphony, Beecham, and New

Symphony Orchestras. Happily, while it has grown old in years and experience, the Philharmonic Society has contrived to keep abreast of the times, and to-day it is astonishingly young and vigorous. The hundredth season was inaugurated last night, and the centenary season which will open in the spring has met with a response from our leading composers. Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Edward Elgar, and Sir Frederick Cowen are contributing new orchestral works which they will conduct. Sir Charles Stanford will present a symphony; and among other composers who have responded to the Society's invitation are Granville Bantock, Dr. Walford Davies, Edward German, Arthur Herve, and Landon Ronald. The Society that can meet with such a response as this from the men who keep the flag of British music flying is heartily to be congratulated.

It is, of course, impossible for any community of men engaged upon a big public work throughout long years to avoid serious mistakes, and there have been periods in the history of the Philharmonic Society when its affairs threatened to get into a rut and to remain there. It has known conductors whose share of imagination and artistic impulse was less than their exalted position demanded. There have been years in which the programmes tended to be stereotyped and dull. But we have to remember that the instinct for progress could never have been carried safely beyond the capacity of subscribers to respond, and without a doubt the Philharmonic Society, the most conservative musical institution in these islands, has passed through years wherein dulness was accounted a virtue.

But of late years it has become sanely progressive. New music of the best kind has received serious consideration and well-rehearsed performance, while the gifts of the players themselves have been stimulated to a very considerable extent by the new system of installing different conductors during the season. For example, there are seven concerts announced for the series which opened last night, and for these seven conductors have been engaged: Mengelberg, Sir Charles Stanford, Safonoff, Sir Edward Elgar, Landon Ronald, Sir A. C. Mackenzie, and Nikisch, to the last-named of whom will fall the honour of conducting the Choral Symphony in May next. The list of soloists is most attractive, and the programmes are a tribute to the catholicity of the directors' tastes.

I am not aware that the claims of the Philharmonic Society are in danger of being overlooked, but it is impossible to forget that other musical organisations are more in the public eye to-day, and it seems both timely and reasonable to recall the services that the Philharmonic Society has rendered to British music, and to point out that no concerts are better entitled to support. It is to be hoped that the prosperity of the past will not fail in the future, and that the Philharmonic Society will endure for many generations, and will continue to deserve the support of those who love fine music, finely rendered.

COMMON CHORD.



HEARD AT THE ALBERT HALL LAST SATURDAY: M. SERGEI RACHMANINOFF, THE FAMOUS RUSSIAN PIANIST AND COMPOSER.

M. Rachmaninoff arranged to make a reappearance in London on Saturday last, at the London Ballad Concert at the Albert Hall, and to play, amongst other works, his famous Prelude in C sharp minor and *Élégie* (Op. 3).

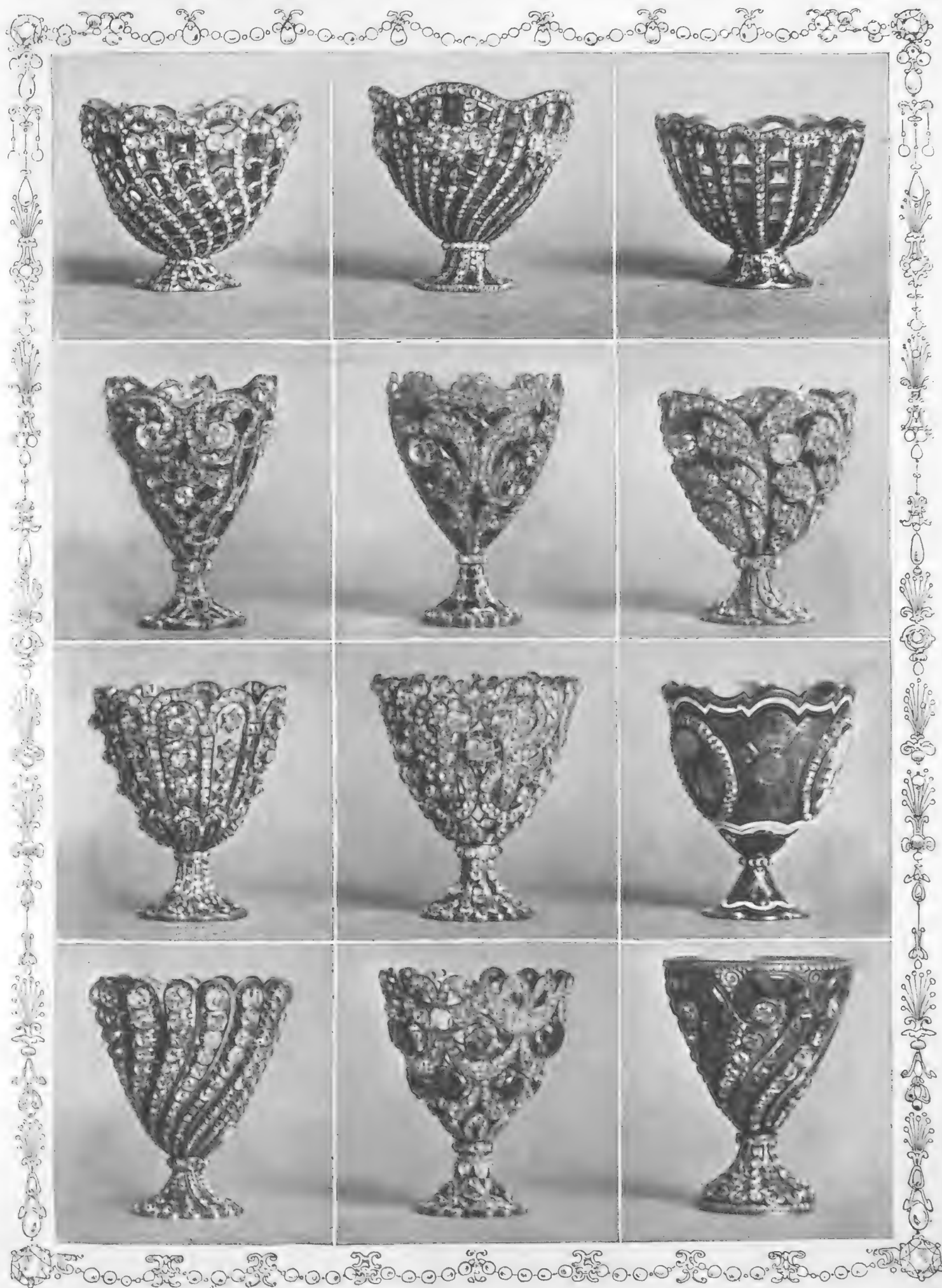
Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



GIVER OF A MOST SUCCESSFUL SONG RECITAL AT THE BECHSTEIN HALL LAST WEEK: M. THEODORE BYARD.

M. Byard's programme included songs in Italian, French, German, and English—full proof of his versatility. The audience was much pleased. Mr. Byard's reputation as a lieder-singer is great, and evidently likely to increase.—(Photograph by Lülzel.)

CUPS FOR HOT PIZEN: FOR "THE IMPERIAL BEVERAGE OF DEATH."



GOLD AND PRECIOUS STONES OF GRIM HISTORY: SUPERB ZARFS (COFFEE-CUP-HOLDERS)
FROM THE TREASURY OF THE EX-SULTAN OF TURKEY.

These magnificently jewelled gold coffee-cup-holders are a feature of the ex-Sultan of Turkey's jewels, treasures which are to be put up to auction in Paris. In these, dead Sultans of old were wont to place the poisoned coffee, known in Court circles as "the imperial beverage of death," which caused the sudden death of many a Turkish dignitary who had lost favour. Jean Richepin, the famous French poet and Academician, was recently in Turkey, and while in Constantinople was asked to write a preface for the catalogue of the sale of the ex-Sultan's jewels. He saw them in the underground strong-room of the Imperial Ottoman Bank. At least a quarter of a million pound's worth of jewels was spread before him, and he was forced to recall the ex-Sultan's delight in passing hours alone with his gems, caressing them and bathing his hands in them.—[Photographs by Vogel.]

Sport — Through the Quarry's Eyes.

III.— GONE TO EARTH.

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.

A Garden Guide : Horticultural Hints.



VI.—FORCING THE TOMATO.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

A COURTLY CHURCHMAN.*

THOUGH not the Rose, the Rose's fragrance may be carried by those who have lived near the Rose. And what a store of *pot-pourri* for gratified drawing-rooms lies in Canon Shore's "collection of recollections"! A gentleman whose red-letter days were those spent at Osborne in the Queen's company; whose most delightful Sunday afternoons were passed at Sandringham, when, after morning service and luncheon, he was free to wander with the Princess of Wales (Queen Alexandra) from stable to kennel till the hour of tea; jokingly accused by a Royal Duke who had lost his gloves of having taken them; pressed into the sensational joys of a switchback by the Duchess of Teck, and made to occupy the seat immediately behind her, so that, as she said, "if I fall back, you'll be there to catch me"; the recipient also of countless letters signed "Albert Edward," "Alexandra," "Louise Victoria," "Maud," and "George"—could greater intimacy with the rose of royalty be indicated and established?

Before he was ordained, Mr. Shore had an important connection with Cassell's, which included the editorship of the *Quiver*. Being predestined to great associations—even an unconsidered walk across Blackheath fields resulted in an Emperor—Mr. Shore at once got into touch with distinguished people, such as Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, a certain Rev. Farrar whom he himself selected for authorship of a Life of Christ which Cassell's contemplated, Lord Elcho, and others. But it was after his appointment to Berkeley Chapel that the sun of royalty began to rise in earnest. Berkeley Chapel was just a dirty, neglected little chapel in the heart of Mayfair, and dependent on the great church of Hanover Square. Mr. Shore found it with a congregation of "about twenty—all elderly persons." And his farewell service eighteen years after was held in a crowded church; and attended by the House of Wales. He took with him to his Canonry at Worcester a sheaf of those enthusiastic notes, with their simple, significant signatures of the baptismal name.

He says, perhaps a little regretfully, that he has sacrificed some capital stories in order to save personal feelings. It may be settled that none of these were royal stories. Everything even remotely royal is perfection for Canon Shore. Their palaces are beautiful, their taste faultless, their virtues unsurpassed, their personal charm scarcely to be described. And notwithstanding the kindly reticence he speaks of, he is full of capital stories. It is a poor page that does not yield at least one. And the pages run beyond the third hundred.

A very witty one is to the credit of the Duchess of Teck (Princess Mary), whose figure the older generation will remember. The Teck family were lunching with the Canon, and the only other guest was Canon Melville, very deaf, and a loud and incessant talker, who sat next the Duchess. "I'm afraid, Ma'am," said Canon Shore quietly to her, "you are now realising Tennyson's famous lines—'Cannon to right of them, Cannon to

left of them, . . . Volleyed and thundered.' " "Oh," rejoined her Royal Highness at once, "but you couldn't call me the *Light Brigade*!" They told him, too, a good story at one Sandringham luncheon-party. The royal hosts were much surprised by a foreign guest who suddenly asked them during breakfast, "Is there any dog's meat to-day?" One wonders how soon the royal tact discovered that he was alluding to a meet of the hounds.

The Canon has it on no less authority than Dean Wellesley that the willow-tree which came from the great Napoleon's grave lost a great branch on the day that the young Prince Imperial died; and he also heard that on that same day the last string snapped upon the harp which Queen Hortense used to play.

He has a pretty thing to say of the Crown Prince Frederick, whose sister-in-law, the mourned Princess Alice, had been a personal friend of the Canon's. He was visiting with his Imperial Highness the Alice Hospital, built to her memory, and a small sick child stretched its thin hand towards a star worn by the Prince. He stooped lower that the child might play with it, and on Canon Shore remarking, "That is a new use, Sir, for that decoration," he said with a smile, "It has never been of such a good use before."

There is a suggestive picture of Beaconsfield for which Lord Amphil, our Ambassador at Berlin, must be thanked. Though a Liberal, Lord Amphil acknowledged that by driving the victorious Russians back from Constantinople without firing a shot, Beaconsfield had achieved a feat almost unparalleled in history; and he always remembered him standing in a doorway, buttoning his glove as if his whole mind were fixed on that, while he was really delivering an ultimatum to the Russian Plenipotentiary, Prince Gortschakoff. A French Ambassador once expressed to Canon Shore his high opinion of Lord Beaconsfield as a statesman, and of Mr. Gladstone as "an enthusiast."

Everyone will appreciate the French porter's free rendering of "the Bishop of Sodor and Man," when, knowing a little English, he offered to insert his Lordship's name in the hotel visitors' book, as the Bishop had neglected to do so. It ran: "Monsieur l'Evêque de Syphon et de l'homme." And our vanished summer will help us to realise the temperature of New York, where, as a charming American lady assured the Canon, "they were feeding all the hens on powdered ice to prevent them laying hard-boiled eggs."

Taking the book as a whole, nothing could exceed the Canon's invariable good taste; those who passionately followed the great Victoria through her domestic griefs and joys will here re-read much of the story from the pen of her own chaplain and friend. Of all such episodes within his chaplaincy to three successive monarchs none is more touching than his first meeting with the Grand Duchess of Hesse, Princess Alice. As she threw down a copy of the *Times* to make room for him beside her on the sofa, he saw in large type, "Loss of the *Princess Alice*." And "how those words seem to haunt me every day" she said. "Loss of the *Princess Alice*—my name." Within three months she too was lost to all who loved her!



MAX THE NOVELIST: MR. MAX BEERBOHM, WHO HAS JUST WRITTEN HIS FIRST WORK OF FICTION: "ZULEIKA DOBSON."

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



MAX THE MAN CARICATURED BY MAX THE CARICATURIST: MR. MAX BEERBOHM PORTRAYED BY HIMSELF.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

* "Some Recollections" By T. Teignmouth Shore, M.A., Canon of Worcester Cathedral, Chaplain-in-Ordinary to H.M. King George V. (Hutchinson, 10s. net.)

OH FOR THE TOUCH OF A VANISHED BRAND!



MIKE: Phwat are ye lookin' for?

MRS. MIKE: Nothing.

MIKE: Thin ye'll find it in the jug where the whisky was.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

BENGAL TIGERS.

By HAROLD BLIND.

THE little sergeant's walnut-brown face lit up with humour, and his mild brown eyes, with their yellow whites, were fixed on a photograph in the *Daily Cinema*, where a belted and gaitered woman sat upon a dead tiger and smiled.

"It's the old rhyme about the lady of Riga reversed," said I. "But when did you have any truck with Diana in divided skirts? In Burma?"

No (replied Harting). It was on the Bhotan-Sikkim frontier. About five-and-twenty of us and one subaltern were stuck away in a little stone fort—now dismantled—which commanded a pass that led eventually to Tibet. It was before the expedition to Lhasa in 1904 had opened up all that country. I was sent with eight picked men, six hundred miles, to join Lieutenant James Oswald and replace eight of his chaps who were to be sent down sick, after the rainy season.

I was a corporal then . . . and if I told you our little doings on that trip it would take all night. You imagine it! All on our bally ownsome! Going through a country as wild and gorgeous and strange as you can think of. Lord, those were marches!

As we went on, the country got wilder and wilder, and, as you might say, larger and larger. I tell you, it educated you!

Well, at last we arrived at the pass where the fort was situated. The forests were far away below us now, and we had got to tumbled rocks and stunted bushes and wind-bit trees and tinkling becks.

The morning after our arrival Mr. Oswald has us before him to inspect us. He eyes us over, and then smiles to himself and says—

"Yes, I think you'll do. I never saw such a batch of scallywags—vicious but intelligent, as you might say. What?" Then he turns to me and goes on—

"Corporal Harting, did you know what was in those despatches, and why you've been sent up here?"

"I did not know, Sir," answers I truthfully. "I was told to relieve eight of your detachment to be sent down sick, Sir. . . . But the place should be a regular sanatorium from the look of it. And . . ." But I stops.

"Yes, go on, man," he answers, grinning.

"Well, when I saw the men that had been picked I felt like deserting! I'm not a big man, and they're the felons of each company, Sir. I thought it was a kind of exile, Sir. But we mucked along all right."

"Ah," says he; "well, I've got no sick after all. That was diplomacy. I'm a kind of political officer about here, y'know. I was rather short-handed, and there is a lady coming up by-and-by, exploring and . . . er . . . bringing Good News. She's trying to get into Bhotan and Thibet. She is an influential person, and for obvious reasons we cannot forcibly order her off. But she's bound to get murdered, or incarcerated in some Jong and tortured."

"The tribes are quite happy with their devils and lamas, and I've stopped them raiding, and got 'em to start serious agricultural developments and new cheeses. I don't want this interfering cat butchered, and I won't have her poking about preaching. We've got to head her back . . . get her right back into India, where there are seventy-five thousand British troops to prevent trouble instead of twelve file. You are her escort . . ." And he detailed a plan.

"Silence!" he says. "Stop laughing!"

"May I ask who the lady is, Sir?" I inquires, when the plot had thickened and we'd stopped laughing, as ordered.

"It is the famous Miss Tabitha Toms," says Mr. Oswald grimly. "The same as was nearly boiled in oil in the Boxer risings. She speaks Chinese and has studied Thibetan and Bhotani. I don't say she isn't a perfect angel. But we do not want her here now."

"Miss Tabitha Toms!" squeals a red-headed Belfast private named Feegan. "Howly Mother, it'll take a whole brigade and a Hague Conference to turn her back! I knows her, your Honour! Her grandmother—"

"Hold your tongue, Feegan!" says the acting sergeant-major.

So we settled down and prepared our ways and means of dealing with the lady when she appeared. We ranged far and wide and collected a lot of native kits and weapons, as "curios."

One day a runner with big legs arrives with the news that the white she-priest is two days' march away, and that with her is another woman and a man with glass eyes that flash in the sun.

"What, three?" exclaims Mr. Oswald; "I had not bargained for this. Who the divvil can the man be? Well, Harting, the hour has come!" Me and my bad-characters soon appear on the parade-ground, looking like swollen bundles of ticking. We are armed with swords and long, muzzle-loading pistols, and old guns, flint-locks purchased off the hill men. We are made up as wandering brigands from over the border—or a family of Bhotani cut-throats.

"Fall in on Lop Sing!" I says, indicating Feegan. "'Shun! Right dress! Stand at ease!"

Mr. Oswald comes out to address us, and the rest of the garrison gathers round, laughing fit to die.

"Party!" says I, "'shun! Right wheel! Quick march!" and we goes out of the gate in style.

Feegan sets up a whining kind of song we'd learned amongst the villages, which was supposed to inspire them to great deeds. It went very slow and was full of falling notes, like the cry of a cat's-meat man who was dying of starvation. To this tune we sets off to give battle to Miss Toms.

The day following we lay in wait and watched the caravan creeping slowly along towards us. We fixed them with field-glasses, and Feegan took the first look when they had come fairly close and jumps up and shouts—

"Oh, Captain! Yon Ferenghi she-cat hath with her a dog-worshipper of Baal Peor, and also the damsel is as beauteous as the dawn. Wow!"

"Thou liest, Lop Sing!" I answers. "Give me the devil-wrought sight-tubes!"

For you'll understand we were acting our parts now, all the time, and up to dick.

I looked, while Feegan shivered and whispered—

"The sorcerer hath eyes of flame! Let's out him!"

"Garn!" said Smith. "That's 'is goggles flashing in the blinking sun when he turns 'is head!"

"Don't you believe it," chips in Fat Cooper. "If you was to get a look from 'im close, it would burn you to a bally cinder, and a good job, too."

I see a pretty girl tripping alongside the angular and flat-footed Miss Toms, and a gent in a Norfolk suit and big eyeglasses with a pack slung about 'im like you see spread out in Regent Street and marked "Explorers' Outfits"—you know. Poor beggar, weighed down with a pickaxe, an Eagle range, a feather bed and a ton of minor gimcracks, and a mighty alpenstock.

"'Ere, 'Arting, let's 'ave a look!" says Smith, grabbing the glasses.

"Give them glasses to Yoo Too," I orders sternly, "and spread along the ridge and follow like wolves upon their flank."

"Oh, my dear life!" says Fat Cooper. "I never did see a show like this."

We scattered along the hill, and showed up now and then. After a bit, I see Miss Toms fix us with her field-glass, and when they were convinced that we were "lurking on their tracks," as Mr. Oswald said we were to, they closed up the donkeys and hurried. The man got a gun out of one of the packs, and Bill Smith begins to hang back and grouse about it, and say that he'd got a wife and kids and a grey-haired mother to support. He said he hadn't come out to be shot at by a civilian.

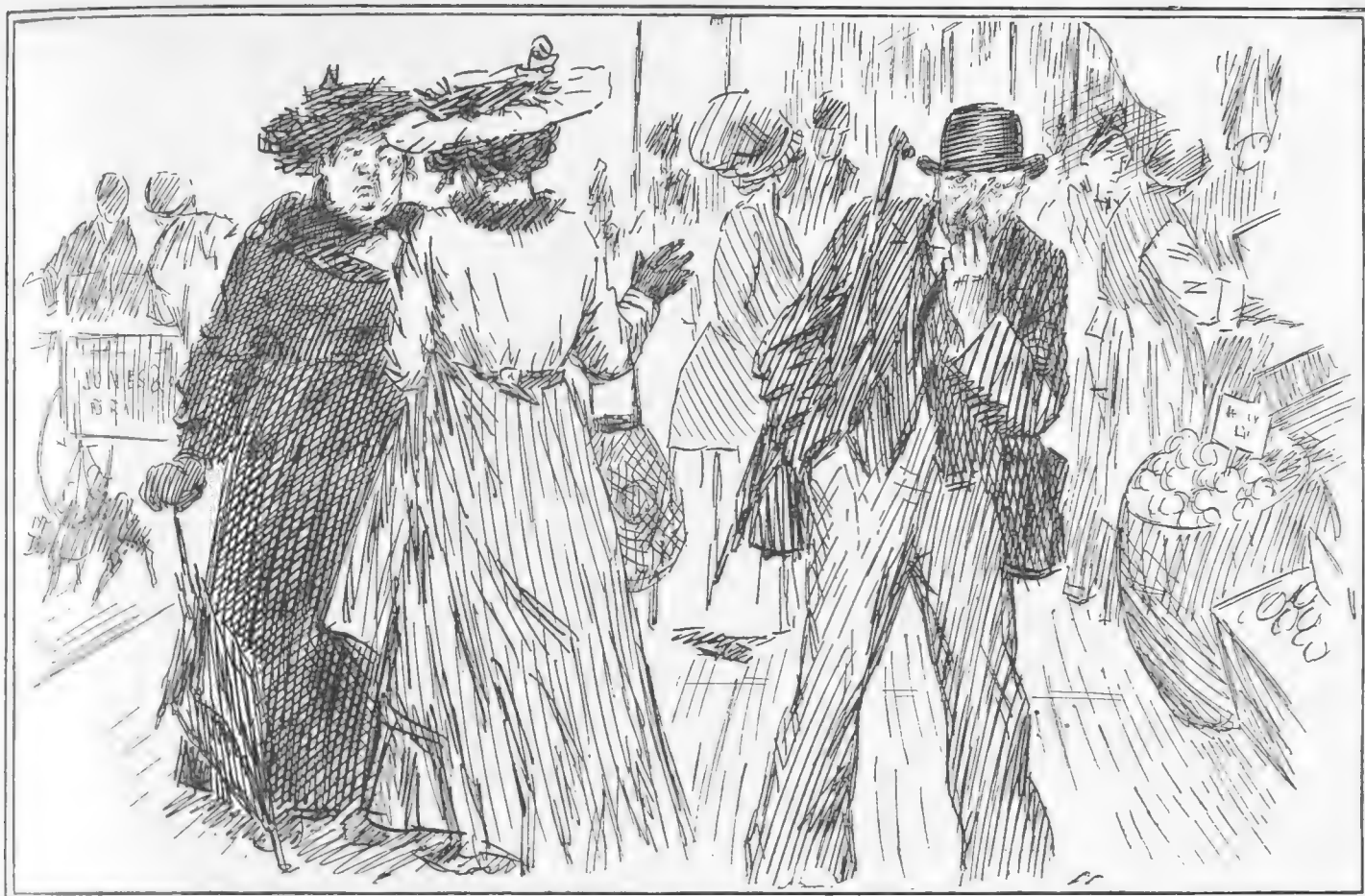
"Oh, yes, you have!" I says. "Oh, yes, Smith! I'm David, I am, and you're going to be blooming old Uriah—you're going in the forefront of the bally battle, you are! Shove him along, boys!" We saw the gentleman getting ready to fire at us, and Fat Cooper and Feegan pull Smith to his feet and hold him up. He burrows his head down like a mole going to earth—so they suddenly lets him get it down and holds his legs in the air. "Look out—he's fired!" shouts Alt Rogers, and catches Smith a biff.

"Oh, oh, oh, oh!" he wails. "I'm hit!"

But, as a matter of fact, Miss Toms had been arguing with the gent in the specs, and he puts his gun up and they goes on. What they made of our antics Gawd knows—maybe they thought it was defiance. Anyway, they reached a village by nightfall, with us three

[Continued overleaf.]

THE HEROES.



MRS. GOOD: Yer 'usband looks queer, Mrs. Wex; I 'ope 'e ain't sickening fer anything.

MRS. WEX: Oh, no; 'e's all right. 'E's always like that now, Saturdays, since I got 'im to join the P.S.A.
But I don't worry, 'cause the Vicar says they get used to it in time.



THE CHIEF SEEKER (of a colleague who is supposed to have fallen into the well): 'Ow' deep'd' they reckon 'tis? Three 'undred feet? Well, then, blowed if I don't 'ave another squint—it arn't never goin' to be said we give up ole Bill without a struggle.

or four hundred yards behind them, and I expect they pitched a fine tale. The next day they sneaked off in the first grey dawn, while we were sleeping like Christians, and we had to gallop like Derby winners to catch them up. I expect they thought they had shaken us off. When we did come in sight of them again we were very hot and tired, and had thirsts that it makes me dry to think of.

"Let's plug 'em one for the trouble they've give, the artful hounds!" gasps Fat Cooper, loading his Martini—the only decent weapon we'd got.

"Right!" says I; "it'll show 'em we're here. Be careful!" He fires at about two thousand, but they did not even seem to hear the shot. We closed up to twelve hundred. "Bang!" This time through the glass I see Miss Toms turn round, and the man run for his rifle, and the whole party in confusion. Before Miss Toms can stop him I see him fire at us, and the bullet came buzzing over our heads.

"I don't mind war," says Smith, "but this ain't fair. It'd be murder!" And he lies down flat.

The gent fires again, and I'm blown if he didn't knock dust and stone chips over Smith as he lay.

Fat Cooper roars with laughter; and calls—

"Up you get, you blessed Hittite!" And then he rumbles seriously. "That was a tiger-stopper, that was! Make a regular mess of you if it hit you. We'd better be a bit careful, boys!"

"I ain't a crimson tiger, anyway!" says Smith, white and sober, "and I stays here until they've gone out of sight!" But I peers over a rock, and sees Miss Toms wrest the heavy Express out of the bloke's fist and shake it in his face and carry it herself. Then they starts hurrying, and we keeps 'em on the run all day. And ourselves, too, because we had to get along the hillsides over awful ground. In the afternoon, when we were about fed up, the young lady had to ride a donkey, and later was supported in the saddle by the man.

"Wish-I was her!" gasps Bill Smith.

"Poor thing!" pants Fat Cooper; "poor young thing! You always was a hard-hearted, pig-faced poacher, Bill! Now, I pities her! . . . Chased and fired on all day by the crool robbers. Won't the Reverend Algernon shudder and murmur 'Dear me!' when he hears about it at the tea-fight! Push on, my hearties! Won't that young feller there expand when he lectures on 'Badgered by Bandits—Nearly Butchered in the Bhotan Hills!' After 'em, lads!" And he bounds forward well exposed and fires his flint-lock—and a fearful sight he was if they'd looked back.

"Here! Come in, you fool!" I yells. "Come back! Are you the blinking robber chief or am-I? Halt!"

I found that discipline was getting slack—as it always does in gangs of this sort. I understand that now. Smith he curses like the army in Flanders and begs Cooper not to start that mug down there whanging big-game bullets into us again.

Towards sunset the fort comes into sight. "Hat last! My kind friends, hat last!" shouts Alf Rogers; and we opens a regular fusillade on them. We used black powder, and made a lot of smoke, and now and then Cooper sends a real live bullet over their heads. We see the garrison muster outside the gate and sally out to meet the missionary party. They pass them at the double in skirmishing order to cover their flight, and soon they open a brisk fire over our heads and into the ground in front of their muzzles. Naturally, at this horrid sight we vanish as mysteriously as we appeared; and night falling, and not knowing our numbers, and having no supports, they retire. In the last light I look through the glasses and see Miss Toms throwing her arms round Mr. Oswald's neck, and him standing like a stuck pig, with his sword in one hand and his pistol in the other. We all sat down, and the tears ran down our cheeks.

"My word, I could do a quart!" says Cooper, trying to lick his off his face.

"Poor things! Poor things! Saved by a bally miracle! Only a nacid drop between our Faithful Party, my dear brethren, and awful and agonising Death! Nay, worse than De-ath! Next slide, please!" sobs Rogers.

We now withdrew to our mounting fastness, and sent forth spies into Balm and Gilead, as the Proverbs says. I sent Feegan down to report for orders, as arranged.

He returned after midnight with the information that the party would stay at the fort until further notice, that the next day Mr. Oswald would scour the country to capture the gang of armed ruffians and to find out if it was a rising of the tribes or only an isolated outrage. He says that the man with Miss Toms was not a parson, but a geologist or a botanist, or something, called Noë Hope Scratchitt, and that the young lady was a peach with violet eyes and lots of brown hair.

I will not recount the desperate running fight of the following day. Mr. Oswald told Miss Toms that he had chased away and killed the bandits, but the district was very unsafe at present. It would, however, be all right for her to go down to Darjeeling under escort. Of course, I heard all this later. Miss Toms wasn't having any. She said that if his lustful and brutal soldiery had not upset the poor villagers, she would have had no trouble. She had an imperial passport from Pekin, which, she said, would frank her through Bhotigal, and help her in Bhotan.

"Don't you believe it, Miss Toms," said Mr. Oswald. "Now, do be sensible!" But Miss Toms, to do her justice, was quite-

fearless in her work and a true missionary, and as such I takes my hat off to her and those like her, though not agreeing with their ways.

"Well," answers Mr. Oswald, "I won't be responsible for your lives ten miles up the pass. I implore you at any rate to leave Miss Havell with me, and I'll send her down with some of my men who are sick. She might be of great service to the poor sufferers. It is not right to risk her life!"

But it was all no good, and his last suggestion put a capper on it. So he did some rapid thinking, and then said he'd give her five men to see her off the premises, as you might say.

Well, three days after this decision Miss Toms, Miss Havell, and the geologist gent starts out on their journey, guarded by Corporal Sam Evans and four privates. Me an' my little lot were just about kyboshed by our bivouacking, and carrying to and fro in the hills, by this time; and we lay in ambush for them at their first halt for the night. We saw the fires lighted and the tents go up. We thought of the lovely hot meal they were guzzling, and we grew truly savage. It was nipping cold at nights at this height.

When all was quiet, we crept down to gag and bind the sentry.

"Not so tight, curse you, Bill!" he whispers. "'Ere! 'Ere! Gently!"

"Gag 'im, Foo Ling!" says I. "Gag 'im!"

We then collars the animals, whose packs Evans had recommended should not be unloaded for fear of an alarm, knocks two coolies on the napper when they give their howls, and makes off amid a furious fire from the escort, dragging the sentry with us as a prisoner. We replies to the firing, and Cooper gets excited and plugs one of the coolies with his Martini—he swore it was by accident, though he was "company shot." He also said that he was sure he had extracted the bullet from the shell; but he must have been wrong, because Miss Toms extracted it from the nigger's thigh instead. It showed our bona-fides, anyway.

Laden with our booty—what ho!—we arrived safely at our lair. We now changed into our uniforms, which we'd carted up there, and started out once again as a party of British soldiers. We quartered our prizes on a village ten miles away and left them in charge of the prisoner. The people all round were quite friendly and wonderful simple.

However, to get along, we marched back to the fort as bold as brass, and there we found Miss Toms minus all her kit—for the tents and contents were unfortunately set on fire during the fierce fighting in the dark. She had no pack animals—the country was up in arms—war was imminent!

"You see what your coming here has done, Miss Toms," says our Mr. Oswald, looking like a glandered cab-horse going to the knacker's. "You see what you have done. Before you intruded, this was a lovely pastoral spot—a perfect paradise—a regular Eden before the Fall. You see, Miss Toms, these childish people do not understand. They are afraid. They think you are a spy disguised as a woman. They say that Mr. Scratchitt here is a magician, and that he is going to make the hills fall upon them with that hammer he is always carrying. Our blood, and that of the poor people whom we may be compelled to kill, will be upon your head, Miss Toms!"

Well, they stayed at the fort a week to recover from "that fearful night," as poor Miss Havell was quite unfit to undergo any further trials. Then they stayed another week, because of the grave reports of the disturbed state of the district.

Howsomedever, Miss Toms and Mr. Noë Hope Scratchitt grew restless, for two days later we all marched out—me and my original eight hard cases. With us came Mr. Oswald—he said he had some influence with the natives, and would come three days' march to see us clear. Miss Toms was lent our own pack-mules, for her donkeys had vanished beyond recall.

Now what I am going to tell you was in no sense eaves-dropping—it was pure accident. The evening that Mr. Oswald was to go back I'd gone out of the encampment and was squatting amongst some rocks, when I heard voices. It doesn't matter what they said, because every man has told the same tale, and every woman has heard it and answered it one way or another. But I may repeat what followed.

"Dearest," says Mr. Oswald, "I have something to confess. . . . I cannot let anything in the nature of a deception stand between us now."

There was a long pause and murmurs. Then I hears him let the cat out of the bag about the brigands.

"Oh, Jim!" she says, "how terrible! Oh, Jim!" But I hears her laughing.

"Yes," he goes on. "When we first got wind of Miss Toms' coming, I asked the C.O. to send me up those eight men. You will be quite safe, even if you meet real robbers. They're regular Bengal Tigers, Alice. I trust them."

Next morning he speaks to us. He then dismisses the others and draws me aside.

"Harting," he says, "you'll look after Alice—Miss Havell! I do not expect there will be any trouble, but for God's sake get her safe into Darjeeling. She—she's promised to marry me, Harting!"

I don't know why, but I felt husky.

"You trust the Bengal Tigers, Sir! And, and God bless you, Sir!" says I.

And then we shakes hands.

THE END.

PUZZLE: FIND THE AIRMAN IN FLIGHT OVER TRIPOLI.



NO BIGGER THAN A MAN'S HAND! AN ARMY AEROPLANE ON SCOUT DUTY AT TRIPOLI
DURING THE TURCO-ITALIAN WAR.

The aeroplane can just be seen as a speck in the sky, above and to the right of the second group of horses. The utility of the airman in war time has been proved on several occasions during the Turco-Italian War, and much valuable scouting has been done by means of flying-machines. A day or two ago, also, it was reported that Italian army airmen had succeeded in dropping bombs on groups of Arabs, in the desert, with the desired effect.

Photograph by L.N.A.

FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

I HAVE a bone—it's only a stay-bone—to pick with Mr. G. K. Chesterton. I always believed that he observed keenly and reported what he observed with witty fearlessness; and now I perceive that either he is not observant, or that, like all men, he is before women very much of a coward. With one hand he snatches from the gentle Suffragette every reason why she should claim the vote, and with the other he grants—as a compensation, no doubt—that which she does not want, which she has never claimed, never cared two bobbies for, and which would absorb too much of her time and thoughts—and that is smartness in dress.

Says Mr. Chesterton in the *Daily News*: "Suffragettes do not wear bad clothes; and certainly not old-fashioned clothes. The number of female Suffragists who look like old frumps is very small; and most of them have been turned out of the movement for moderation. Most of the Suffragette leaders are elegantly and even elaborately clad, either in the æsthetic or (more often) in the extreme fashionable style. Also, by an odd coincidence, most of them are quite good-looking; and being (so far, at least) sensible women, they know it." Please observe the nastiness of that last parenthesis.

No w
France is
my country,
so that I
suppose I
may claim
Dress as

my province. As regards their views, Suffragettes are all right; as regards their clothes, they are all wrong. They may be good-looking—why "by an odd coincidence," Mr. Chesterton?—and they may know it; but to be good-looking and to know it is not enough—you must let other people know it! You must advertise the fact if you want to be *successfully* good-looking. By advertising it I mean, if your face is your propaganda, don't let it be squashed by a frumpy hat. Mr. Chesterton speaks of "æsthetic style." God forbid! Æstheticism in dress is worse than frumpishness—it's frumpishness exalted into a creed; it's the apotheosis of dowdiness. I do agree with Mr. Chesterton that the Suffragettes favour velveteen, beads, and weird embroideries; only we agree no further, for he calls it elegance, and I—Liberty gone mad!

"A cottager in South Bucks would hardly notice that a lady canvasser had come in to ask him to vote for a lady instead of a gentleman. He has been bothered about votes ever since he was a boy scaring rooks. But he would notice (or his wife would notice) that the lady was wearing the very first hobble skirt. And she would be." No, Mr. Chesterton, she would *not* be! And she had better not be, if her purpose is to win support from the labourer or the good graces of the labourer's wife. If she is smart, she will alienate them. I very humbly suggest that if Suffragettes want to

convince and convert through the eye—which is, undoubtedly, the easiest, the most graceful, and the most feminine way of doing it—they should have two sets of representatives: the average Suffragette, such as I know her *de visu*, for the provinces, the slums, and the open street; then the Suffragette *de luxe*, who will be dressed and hatted regardless of cost (from the funds of the League, if needs be), and whose mission takes her into a civilised *milieu* capable of being impressed by her elegance. England can only absorb new ideas by very small doses. To the people in the street, Woman's Suffrage is still very new indeed; if this is to be capped by the latest in Paris hats, the people in the street will be at once antagonised. Perhaps the Suffragettes know this; anyway, they dress as if they did.

I went to one of their meetings the other night, and, though I was on the platform just behind Mr. Chesterton, I could occasionally get a glimpse of the audience. I heard many clever and spirited arguments from the hundreds of women below, but—I did not see a single convincing chapeau! When there is anything to be gained from man, don't be bellicose, but belle, merely. No,

Mr. Chesterton, they are not that.

Their claim is just, but their chignon is heavy and their boots are too thick—in fact, they charge furiously, but they are not enough of a Light Brigade. They put forward the rights of their sex instead of the charm of their sex. When we have the vote we can deal with man as voter to voter; we can tell him what we think of him, and care nothing for what he thinks of us. But just now what he thinks of us is all-important. On it depends his granting us the vote. We must not wrench it from him—we must get him to beg of us to accept it. We must not ask the franchise from equal to equal, but we'll condescend to take it. We must not say we want it—we must say it would give us great pleasure. To the fair all is fair. When we are strong, we can be straight—and quite unattractive, I am afraid. Be sure that when man gives the vote, it will be to the woman, not to Miss Pankhurst, to the good-fellow, or to the logician. We want the vote by hook or by crook—well, let it be by hook, well baited, or by the net (invisible), but not by our fist! Man's head is thick and our hands are fragile.

I heard Mr. Chesterton say that if man understood woman half the romance and half the torture of life would be gone. Bless his unsophisticated heart! woman does not want to be understood. It would mean her most effective grievance clean gone—and not to be understood is greatly to her benefit. Never mind about understanding woman, Mr. Chesterton, though you might understand her dress better. And now I have given the English Suffragette really disinterested and good advice—but I know very well she *can't* follow it.



THE ENGAGEMENT OF W. E. GLADSTONE'S FAVOURITE GRANDCHILD, MISS DOROTHY DREW, WHO IS TO MARRY CAPTAIN F. W. PARISH.

Miss Dorothy Drew is the daughter of the late Rev. Harry Drew, Rector of Hawarden, and was the favourite grandchild of the late W. E. Gladstone. She is engaged to Captain F. W. Parish, King's Royal Rifles, Extra A.D.C. to her uncle, Lord Gladstone, Governor-General of the Union of South Africa.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



ENGAGED TO M. MICHAEL MARGHILOMAN, A ROUMANIAN MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT: LADY AVERY.

Lady Avery, widow of the late Sir William Beilby Avery, was Mlle. Suzanne Mathilde Irma Crets, daughter of the late M. Pierre Crets, of Paris. She was the late baronet's second wife; her marriage took place in 1902. Her stepson, the present baronet, succeeded in 1908.—[Photograph by Lallie Charlet.]



ENGAGED TO MR. RONALD GRAHAM, C.B.: THE HON. SYBIL BRODRICK, DAUGHTER OF VISCOUNT MIDDLETON.

Miss Sybil Brodrick is the second of Viscount Middleton's four daughters, and was born in 1885. Her mother, who died in 1901, was Lady Hilda Charteris, daughter of the eighth Earl of Wemyss and March; her step-mother, whose marriage to Viscount Middleton took place in 1903, was Miss Madeleine Cecilia Carlyle Stanley, daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. John Constantine Stanley. Mr. Ronald William Graham has been Adviser to the Ministry of the Interior, Cairo, since last year. He is the son of Sir Henry John Lowndes Graham, Clerk of Parliaments.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]



ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

Sayers v. Kirkaldy.

This very week there is a fine sight to be seen on two of the best courses near London — being Sunningdale and Walton Heath — and that is the seventy-two-holes match between Bernard Sayers (known to the world as "Ben") of North Berwick, and Andrew Kirkaldy of St. Andrews, and professional to the Royal and Ancient Club, the chief of all golf clubs. There is a degree of difference between this and the ordinary exhibition match between the great exponents of the game, such as we have very frequently the opportunity of witnessing; and in saying that I am not attaching any special importance to the circumstance that these men are playing for a hundred sovereigns. There is to be a keen match played between two of the very best of the old type of professional golfer, and there is a clear difference between the manners and methods and general attitude towards the game of that type and their successors of the present generation, which may be said to have taken command in 1894, when J. H. Taylor for the first time won the Open Championship. Neither Sayers nor Kirkaldy has ever achieved that distinction, and it is not in the least disparaging their present great ability to say that in all probability they never will do so now.

Their Days of Greatness.

They belonged specially to the gutty-ball era, and the rubber-thread article came too late for them to take as much advantage of it as their younger and most tremendously capable and determined rivals of the great triumvirate did. But Sayers was second in the great event in 1888, and third in the following year, and on the latter occasion Kirkaldy himself tied with Willie Park, the victor, but lost on playing off. He had been second in 1879, and would probably have won two or three championships in the 'eighties, but all that time was in the Army, and, having volunteered for service in Egypt, went through the war, gained the Tel-el-Kebir medal, and was afterwards sent out to India. If these men do not win championships in these days it is very safe to say that they know at least as much about the inner intricacies of the art and science of the game as any of their brother professionals. They are true masters of golf, and there is not a man alive who can play the old course at St. Andrews as it ought to be played, with a deep appreciation of all its subtleties, and a knowledge for attacking them, better than Andrew Kirkaldy. Others may get round the course in a lower score — though even in these days Andrew does it in some very low figures from time to time — but it does not always follow that they play much better golf. Nobody

knows better than Andrew what kind of shot ought to be played on any given occasion. He can see a good way to do a thing when others are mystified; and it used to be a splendid thing to observe him and Sayers in consultation upon the line of a putt that one of them had to carry out when they were playing together in foursome.

Cleverness and Cunning.

All have seen many wonderful things done in the way of approach shots in these times, and it might seem difficult, if not impossible, to separate one or two and say that they were much better than all the rest; but it is not quite so difficult if one is capable of giving full value to all the existing circumstances. So James Braid himself, being a keen observer and discriminator, has no difficulty in determining which was the finest approach shot he has ever seen played — and he has witnessed some tens of thousands of them in his time. He says it was done by Andrew Kirkaldy, in a match against him, to the seventeenth green at St. Andrews. Having pulled his second shot, he had a most extraordinarily difficult run-up to do next — that is, if he decided to run-up instead of to pitch, as he was always most inclined to do. He played the stroke wonderfully, and, without the slightest suspicion of a fluke, laid the ball stone dead. When he had done that, he said to Braid, "The next time you see Taylor, tell him I played exactly the same approach to beat you as I did to beat him" — which was the strange and wonderful fact. Mr. John Low says that when he was studying the methods of the great players in the early days of his golfing career, he was more influenced by the play and work of Kirkaldy than by those of any other player whose method could be seen at a glance; and he adds that, of all players he has watched, Andrew Kirkaldy seems to him most loudly to announce his shot before he plays — proclaiming aloud by his address to the ball the very way in which he intends to accomplish his purpose. Sayers is a genius of another kind, but still with many points of similarity. He is intensely thoughtful and painstaking. It was once said of him in his palmy days, when he was very slow in putting, that it was a day's work for his caddie to get him to make his putt. To see these two men at the game and against each other is a sight worth seeing. They are fine players, cunning players; individualism is exceedingly strong in each case, and, as everybody knows, there are no other such interesting characters in the whole world of professional golf, no other wits like these.



THE MYSTERIOUS PLUS-THREE DUMB NORWEGIAN: MR. "A. ZORN," WHO WAS MR. H. H. HILTON'S SURPRISE OPPONENT IN THE PEN v. BRUSH MATCH.

When the Pen v. Brush match, arranged by the London Press Golfing Society, took place at Southall the other day, a mysterious stranger headed the artists. He was described as a plus-three man, as dumb, and as a Norwegian. His name was given as A. Zorn. He opposed Mr. Hilton, who only managed to win by a putt on the last green. Then the newcomer's identity was revealed, and he proved to be the local professional, C. Ralph Smith, disguised for the occasion, the Brush team finding themselves a player short. Smith's cheeks were dyed, his hair was coloured, and he wore blue glasses, with the result that the disguise was good enough to deceive many who knew him well, including Mr. Hilton, who stated that he realised he was meeting a professional golfer when his opponent played the first hole, but could not say who it was.

Photograph by Sport and General.



By CAPTAIN COE.

Liverpool and Derby.

Of the series of Cups run for at Liverpool, that of the Autumn is undoubtedly the most important—from a public point of view at any rate. There is generally some ante-post betting on it, but this has gradually diminished, as, indeed, it has on all big races. A feature of many handicaps recently has been that two or more of the top weights have gone out, necessitating a compulsory rise for those left in. The Liverpool Cup is no exception, Mustapha, whose original

weight was 8 st. 8 lb., being the highest amongst the acceptances. Thus Lord Carnarvon's unlucky colt will have to carry 9 st., the bottom weight being Desman, 6 st. 6 lb. One naturally looks for the nominations of Lord Derby at Liverpool; in this race he is represented by King William and Hair Trigger II., both of which horses, by-the-way, have other engagements at the meeting. Should his Lordship run the mare in this race I should look no further for the winner, as she seems to me to be well handicapped. Another in the same stable, but in different ownership, is St. Girons, who also boasts some good form, but nothing approaching that of Hair Trigger II. Star of Doon, as the winner of a previous Liverpool Cup, has some claim to consideration, as also has Willaura. My selection for the race appears under "Monday Tips." Next week the Derby meeting will be the chief attraction, the Chesterfield Nursery and the Derby Cup, in particular, being two exceedingly interesting races. Several of the top weights in each handicap I have referred to went out on declaration, but amongst those left in are some exceedingly smart two-year-olds, and the race bids fair to live up to its brilliant past. I fancy the Derby Cup does not appeal to the public with such force as in the days when it was run over the Straight Mile. There is, perhaps, a little too much repetition in the last months of the season of races run over distances from a mile and a half to two miles and a quarter. In the days when the Derby Cup was a mile event it was alone in its glory. Next week it is anticipated that Columbus will make a bold attempt to repeat his victory of 1910.

Jumping.

The flat-race season closes on Nov. 25, but for those who like racing there will be plenty of entertainment during the four months that will

separate Manchester from Lincoln. The winter months no longer form an off-season, practically every day, with the exception of the Friday and Saturday preceding Christmas, being allocated to racing under National Hunt rules. There is, I am afraid, a drawback to such a crowded fixture-list, and that is this: should we be favoured with an open winter the supply of horses will not be large enough to meet the requirements. One or two prominent Irish trainers and riders are already over here with strings of horses, but the new blood is not very prominent, and most of the names of the jumpers are very, very familiar. We shall doubtless see a number of three-year-olds put over the hurdles, but the fields for that class of race are apt to dwindle with the expiration of the period in which they may be confined to a mile and a half. March is about the best month of the year for steeplechase and hurdle-race sport, for the reason that the most important fixtures are then held. They are the Grand Military Meeting, the National Hunt Meeting, and, of course, the Liverpool Meeting with its Grand National. Next season will be the jubilee of the National Hunt movable and annual feast, and to celebrate it there will be a thousand sovs. Jubilee Hurdle Handicap.

Next Year.

Next season, under Jockey Club rules, will see several important changes amongst jockeys and trainers. The premier rider, F. Wootton, will ride as first jockey for Mr. Hulton, who is R. Wootton's chief patron, and who, with ordinary luck, looks like seeing his colours carried with prominence, maybe with success, in the Derby on Lomond, who, I am pleased to hear, is thoroughly well and growing into a beautiful colt at Newmarket, where he has been turned out for the winter. He is due to make his next public appearance at Liverpool in March.

F. Wootton's successor as first jockey to Lord Derby will be F. Rickaby, who possesses all his father's skill in the saddle. His fellow-apprentice and equally clever rider, F. Winter, will, when not required for Leach's stable, ride for Butters, whose successes this season with his two-year-olds have been remarkable. Trigg will continue as first jockey to Sir John Thursby—an engagement that allows him plenty of freedom, as Sir John does not run many horses. Second claim on Trigg for next season has been secured by Sir Berkeley Sheffield; but no other owner training with Butters has any claim on the pushful middle-weight. Maher's engagement with Lord Rosebery has been renewed, and it is a happy engagement too, showing his Lordship's confidence in the popular American. Beyond that Maher is not bound, but he will probably ride for Mr. L. de Rothschild whenever circumstances permit. The Australian trainer, Brewer, is returning to the land of his fathers, and the horses of his principal patrons, Messrs. Clark and Robinson, are now trained by Alec Taylor, who will also train for Sir William Cooper. Otto Madden ceases to be private trainer to Mr. Prentice at the end of the season, and will next year blossom into a public trainer. He knows all there is to be known about training horses and should not languish for patronage. A contemporary ex-jockey, Halsey, goes to Moulton Paddocks to be private trainer to Sir E. Cassel, for whom he used to ride a few years back. Halsey's old stables at Saville House will be under the control of G. H. Musker. Mr. G. Miller is giving up training at the end of the season, and his stables at Hambleton will be occupied by Hugh Powney, who recently left Malton.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

Liverpool, to-day: Becher Chase, Axle Pin; Lancashire Handicap, Forest Lassie; Knowsley Nursery, Kadine; St. Leger, King William or Hair Trigger II. To-morrow: Anchor Nursery, Misfit; Selton Chase, Main Royal or Axle Pin; Stewards' Plate, St. Anton

OWNER OF HORNET'S BEAUTY, AND RAISER OF A HORNET'S NEST OF HIS DISAPPOINTED BACKERS: SIR WILLIAM COOKE.

Sir William Cooke, the owner of Hornet's Beauty, is the tenth Baronet of a creation dating from 1661. He was born in 1872, and succeeded in 1894. He served with the Imperial Yeomanry in South Africa, and after his return he married, in 1902, Lady Mildred Denison, a daughter of the first Earl of Londesborough. Sir William is M.F.H. of the Southwold.

Photo. by Sport and General.



THE SCRATCHED FAVOURITE FOR THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE, HOOTED AT NEWMARKET: HORNET'S BEAUTY (J. H. MARTIN UP).

After being for some time favourite for the Cambridgeshire, Hornet's Beauty, Sir William Cooke's famous unbeaten gelding, was scratched, to the dismay of many who had backed him, either singly or as a double with Willonyx, the winner of the Cesarewitch. Hornet's Beauty was scratched owing to the result of a home trial against Mabsud, which latter horse, however, was nowhere in the Cambridgeshire. When on the same day, at Newmarket, Hornet's Beauty turned out for the Scarbrough Stakes, as he left the paddock he was met by a storm of booing and hooting, as a protest against his being scratched for the big race.

Photograph by Sport and General.

Friday: Autumn Cup, Hair Trigger II. or King William; Croxteth Plate, Black Pirate; Downe Nursery, Mary Theresa filly. Saturday: Liverpool Nursery, Donnithorne; Grosvenor Cup, Anchora; November Hurdle, Salmon Fly. Windsor, Saturday: Ivor Nursery, Girl of the West; Frogmore Welter, Missile; November Handicap, Renown.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Compleat Courtier.

In Mr. Frazer's latest volume of "The Golden Bough" we have a recipe for the making of the "compleat courtier." Small wonder that in European Courts there is a tendency for the people who wait on Majesty to copy the august coiffure or the cut of a waistcoat. The custom of sedulously aping royalty is, it appears, ages old, and may be seen to-day in all its significance at the capital of Darfur. "When the Sultan coughs," we are told, "everyone makes the sound of 'ts-ts' by striking the tongue against the roof of the upper teeth; when he sneezes, the whole assembly utters a cry like the sound of the jeko; when he falls off his horse, all his followers must fall off likewise; if any one of them remains in his saddle, no matter how high his rank, he is laid on the ground and beaten." This loyalty, if slightly exaggerated, must present a sufficiently diverting spectacle, and could not fail to please at certain Continental Courts where *lèse majesté* is a punishable crime. The tendency of modern Courts, as we have lately seen in some sensational memoirs, is to become extremely tedious, formal, and monotonous, so that the revival of the Compleat Courtier would add not only to the gaiety of nations, but to that of the gilded saloons of Emperors.

Paying to be There seems
Pleased. to be little
doubt now-

adays that no one cares for what they get for nothing. The last hundred years we have been chiefly occupied in giving the People everything which millionaires possess; splendid parks and exquisite flowers, museums filled with priceless treasures, galleries full of the masterpieces of painting, sculpture, and the applied arts; libraries with the wisdom of all the ages, wonderful music in our cathedrals and abbeys, hospitals where the last word of science is at their disposal, education free, and careers open to all the talents, and yet all this is taken as a matter of course, and not one in a hundred is in the least grateful for possessing all these advantages. It is a curious fact that, except for English nurses and children of all ranks, and vagrants of odious aspect, it is foreigners who make most use of our parks for health and pleasure. The delightful flower-garden in Regent's Park, with its avenues of chestnuts and vases frothing over with pink geraniums, is always resonant with the French and German languages. Foreigners are more frugal than our own people, and like to get amusement and recreation for nothing. The Londoner, on the other hand, is not amused unless he has paid out of his pocket for it, so that he prefers a sixpenny cinema to the National Gallery, and the pit at Drury Lane to the most impressive service in Westminster Abbey. He revels in the Zoological Gardens because he must disburse coin of the realm to see the lions and tigers, and to watch enterprising persons feeding the bears with jam. It is true he does not want to pay much; but he is not really interested unless he has paid something. The "Card," in Mr. Arnold Bennett's delightful book, knew human nature

when he charged the seaside visitors a round sum for taking them out to stare at a wreck in a rickety lifeboat. If they had been invited for nothing they would not have gone.

What We Never Talk About.

There is of late years an unwritten law—and to transgress it is a solecism of the most fatal kind—that we must never discuss any event two months old under pain of being considered a frump and a bore. Thus, in polite society, we never by any chance refer to anything in November which happened last July. The season which is passed, and which seemed so full of important happenings, is as impossible as a topic of conversation as the Crimean War. The murder case which roused us to frenzies of partisanship; the dancer who captured all our hearts; the book which everybody who was anybody was bound to read; the political revolution which was carried out in an apathetic country: all these things have been placed by the hand of Time in a back cupboard from which no one may disturb them until the dust of ages has converted them into part of the social history of our time.

The Parisienne in French-London.

have, of late; shown a great affection for London. With their extraordinary *flair* for what is interesting and beautiful—acquired by centuries of culture—they seize upon the attractive features of this vast capital with an unerring instinct. The Parisienne in London enjoys herself even more than the English-woman does in Paris, for here she has a liberty of which she cannot even dream in her native city. In London she can go to theatres without a masculine escort, she can lunch and dine, see sights and shop with her men friends, whereas to do anything of the sort in Paris would arouse the direst scandal. More and more does she appreciate the obvious fact that Paris is the capital where men amuse themselves, and that London is the pleasure-city for women. Above all, the Parisienne delights to shop in London. She revels in our tailors, our prints and old china, our Sheffield



WHEN THE FIRST GREY HAIRS APPEAR: FRENCH FASHIONS FOR WOMEN OF A CERTAIN AGE.

The figure on the left has a visiting-robe in old blue *crêpe-de-Chine* inlaid with strips of patterned muslin, and pointed back and front with ochred white muslin, covered throughout with old point-de-Milan lace. The seated figure wears a dress of ottoman in mole-grey, with a long train, open bodice and tunic of black Chantilly lace, guimpe of white Alençon, and a belt of black velvet. The tunic is edged throughout with steel and jet. The figure on the right, with the muff, has a visiting-robe in violine *charmeuse* inlaid with black Cluny-de-sole, guimpe of ochred tulle, and jabot at the side of Alençon lace. The hat is trimmed with violine velvet, a band of skunk, and a black aigrette.

plate, our furs and dressing-bags, and our photographers. She goes night after night to our musical-comedy theatres to see the pretty English actresses, and she finds the *chic* London dinner-party considerably more entertaining than the same kind of feast in Paris. This is not to be wondered at, for modern custom separates the two sexes rigorously after dinner over there, the men retiring to the smoking-room directly they have piloted their partners back to the drawing-room, so that the ladies are left to amuse each other till the automobiles arrive at eleven o'clock and everyone departs. It is a singularly unsocial arrangement, and one which does not appeal to the casual Anglo-Saxon guest, nor, apparently, to the French lady. She seems, however, with all her prestige, charm, and tact, unable to make so much needed a reform in French entertaining.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 27.

DURING the last week the markets have shown renewed activity and cheerfulness; Consols have again improved, partly owing to the idea that a further increase in the Bank Rate will be unnecessary before the end of the year, partly from the improvement in the political outlook, but principally, we think, on account of the proposed meeting of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and some of the leading bankers, with a view to some proposals being put forward for popularising our premier security. In this direction something can be done, no doubt, by stimulating the demand, but our faith is not great in any quack remedies.

If we curtailed our expenditure on useless insurance schemes and the like, we should have money to devote to purchases on a large scale for the Sinking Fund, which would at once alter the whole situation for the better.

The labour situation has again dominated the Home Rail Market, and, although prices made considerable headway at first, there seems to be a renewed feeling of uneasiness at the attitude of the men's leaders, while now we are face to face with the coming ballot, which will keep things unsettled.

In the Foreign and Colonial Railway section there has been a pretty general advance, and this class of share seems to have escaped the adverse influences that have lately affected Europe. Canadian Pacifics are up to 247, chiefly on buying from Berlin; and Argentine Rails have been consistently supported, Entre Rios advancing to 68 ex-div.; and Leopoldinas have been bought on rumours of an arrangement with the Government.

Steel Common have partially recovered from their heavy drop, but this market is likely to be sensitive for some time to come, and every little rise will probably bring out stock from nervous holders.

Mines have met with quiet support, but the changes are unimportant except in the case of Tanganyikas, which have been heavily sold from the Continent, and are down to £2. It looks as if a screw were loose somewhere, and it seems clear that further capital will have to be raised before long; while we hear it whispered that fluxes for smelting are by no means as abundant as was at first supposed.

CHINA.

In the Foreign Market, the recovery in Chinese bonds has been the most noticeable feature during the last week. Hukuang Railway bonds at 101½ are two points up, and advances of 1 to 1½ points are general throughout the list.

The prevalent idea among people who know the country seems to be that the practical overthrow of the Manchu Dynasty would be for the benefit of trade and lead to increased prosperity. There seems little reason to doubt that there is a strong body behind the revolutionaries who are capable of carrying on the Government and who would jealously protect their foreign credit. In fact, apart from the disorganisation of trade in the districts actually affected, we see little in the situation to cause holders uneasiness.

A Republic, or even constitutional form of government, seem almost out of place in China, where the Emperors have for centuries lived in an atmosphere of mystery and have been revered as demigods. From all reports, however, it seems pretty certain that one or the other will shortly be established. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

A GOOD FIVE PER CENT. INVESTMENT.

We have from time to time called attention to the 5 per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares of the Argentine Land and Investment Company as a sound investment; but the meeting just held seems a fitting opportunity of directing our readers' attention to this security again.

The shares are of the nominal value of £4 each, and carry a cumulative dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum. They are practically a first charge upon the whole of the assets of the Company, having in front of them only £9825 of 4 per Cent. Debenture stock, against which the Company holds Consols for an amount rather more than equivalent.

The balance-sheet does not contain on the credit side a single soft item, and the revenue account shows that behind the Preference dividend there is at least £6000 of earned income, and this figure is arrived at after debiting profit and loss with at least £5000 of what should be capital expenditure.

That the value of the assets is largely in excess of the whole capital of the Company there can be no doubt: the Estancia Las Varas figures at £42,167; the new branch of the Central Argentine Railway goes right through it, and at the price neighbouring land realises, the property is worth well over £200,000; and this is but a sample of the way the assets are dealt with in the accounts. It is the practice of the Board to credit two thirds of all land sales to capital and only a third to profit, although the reverse of these proportions would more nearly correspond to the actual facts; and while the shareholders desire a conservative policy, at the meeting on the 2nd inst., very serious remonstrances were addressed to the Board at the extreme lengths to which this policy has been carried. Undoubtedly Argentina is in a most prosperous condition, and the prospects of this Company are of the brightest.

The price of the £4 shares is par, while the 4 per cent. income stock is about 80, and is well worth considering, as it is sure to be redeemed at par in the course of the next few years. At present the Company buys in the market, and as a result, the price slowly moves up. For those who will take 5 per cent. on the present price and wait, there is certainly a good capital increase to be secured.

* SOME FUSIONS.

The activity in United of Havana Railway stock of the last week is accounted for by the announcement now made by the Board of a proposed fusion with the Western Railway of Havana, on terms that the market approves. The Western shareholders are to get for each Ordinary share £4 15s. in Cumulative Preference shares and £10 in Ordinary shares of the United Company, and it is anticipated that considerable economies will be rendered possible in the working of the lines. The dividend on the Western shares has been 7 per cent. for several years, and, assuming that only 4 per cent. is paid, as at present, on the United Ordinary stock, the Western holders would get 6½ per cent.; but should the United dividend go back to 5 per cent., as seems probable, the yield to the present Western shareholders would rise to 7½ per cent., while, as to market price, they will get stocks whose combined value will be about the same as their present holdings.

On the whole, we think the bargain is a fair one, and the market fully anticipates that it will be ratified.

Of a different kind is the proposed amalgamation between the London Electric and Metropolitan District Railways and the London General Omnibus Company. Very circumstantial statements have been put forward as to the terms said to have been agreed upon, but these have been denied officially. If there is any truth in the rumours we cannot help feeling that the Omnibus shareholders will have a good bit to say about it, because the bargain from their point of view appears to us a poor one.

Why the now prosperous Omnibus Company proposes to enter into any fusion with the Railway Companies we fail to see, unless it be for fear of another Company being started in opposition under the auspices of the Railway financial sponsors; and as the Railway people would only be adding to the competition, from which they also would suffer, by any such scheme, it does not appear likely that the danger is a very real one, or that, if it is a danger, the proposed fusion will put an end to it.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

There is at all events some degree of consolation to be drawn from the fact that the Stock Exchange is less idle than it has been until lately. The public are giving more attention to the House. "I don't mind if I do have a bit of a flutter," says the Client-in-General, and so looks once more at the long-neglected money article to see what stocks and shares are going up. The higher they've gone, the more inclined does he feel to buy them. "Look at the way this London General Omnibus stock has risen: eighty pounds a share in a few months! What a fool old Stocksandshares was not to have bought me some of that. He's on the Exchange, so of course he knew that the stock was going up. Don't move with the times he don't. Must ask Smith to give me the name of his broker. And I think I ought to have a bit on that Omnibus stock. Come on, Caesar! Mary, tell your mistress I have gone round to see Mr. Smith on business."

So that's the way in which Smith's broker gets a new client, and, in his eagerness to do the very best possible for the new man, the broker puts him into something highly speculative, upon which there accrues an early and substantial loss, and so old Stocksandshares recovers the lost lamb without knowing that the latter had ever strayed from the fold.

Home Railway stocks command by far the most attention for the time being, and the bizarre way in which prices rattle up and down affords plenty of scope for gambling. For an investor there is, it seems to me, less temptation. Without any wish or inclination to be pessimistic, I cannot help thinking that the more the men get, the more will the paid agitators demand for them. There are few indeed of us to whom the August railway strike did not come as an eye-opener in regard to the manner in which too many thousands of hard and honest workers are underpaid. Our sympathy—on that account—was on their side, and although we thoroughly deprecated the arbitrary proceedings of the all-round strike, still we were not sorry to see that the end of it all was a substantial improvement in the men's wages.

Now, however, any further demands not only alienate all sympathy, but they will feed the feud between class and class in a manner compared with which the speeches of the Chancellor of the Exchequer will appear tame and lustreless. Here in London we find railwaymen perfectly willing to work at the wages now offered. They don't want to strike; they are a decent, hardworking body of the community. In other parts of the country they may be different, but, after all, the mischief-makers don't seem to be the men at all. Yet they, these agitators, lead, and the men must—I don't know why, but they do—follow, and the more that's given, the more will these fellows want. Were it the good sense of the men that could be relied upon, we might put our clients into Home Rails without hesitation. As it is, we feel almost forced to go outside the market, and, other things being equal, to recommend foreign bonds, foreign rails, and the like.

Even these are getting dear—the best of them—and none too easy to find. There are good ones, such as Cuba 4½ per Cent., Russian Railways 4½ per Cent., Mexican Railway 4½ per Cent. Second Debentures, Antofagasta 5 per Cent. Preferred, Japan Fours, and similar issues yielding 4½ per cent. or thereabouts on the money. To pay 5 per cent., you can have Leopoldina Preference, Argentine 1910 Bonds, Chili Transandine "C," Grand Trunk Second Preference (this last with a dash of speculation), Mexican Light and Power 5 per cent. Bonds, Anglo-Argentine Tramways 5 per cent. Debentures, and various others. These, mind you, are the sort of things for which people are asking, although they stand already at prices which don't allow of any particular rise in value. Nevertheless, so long as the investor goes on steadily mopping them up, the prices must as steadily advance, and in mentioning the little lot above I have kept to the things which can hardly be called overpriced.

I only hope that *Sketch* readers have made money out of the recent big rises in Antofagasta Deferred and Leopoldina Ordinary. Both stocks have been recommended here often enough, and when they were much lower. Leopoldinas soon went back after their sharp jump, but I think they will "come again," and that at 68—some three points under their best of a week or so ago—they make a very fair speculative investment.

[Continued on page 158.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Eastward Ho! Those who are going to India for the great doings there are very busy just now, very excited, and very determined to tell all and sundry where they are going. It will be a great time. Announcements that the Queen will wear at the Durbar the beautiful lace train given to her by the ladies of Belfast are correct in so far that her Majesty will wear it at one of the ceremonies connected with that event. For the actual presentation of the King by himself to the people of India as their crowned Emperor, and of the Queen by the King as his Consort, crowned as Empress, the Queen's robes will be those worn by her in Westminster Abbey. The lining and border of ermine has been removed and replaced with cloth-of-gold and gold embroidery, as the fur would have been too hot and too heavy for India. Arrangements about carrying the King's and the Queen's trains have not yet been concluded. The Koh-i-Noor will be taken from the Queen's crown, worn at the Coronation, and placed in that which the King will wear when he presents himself to his Indian subjects; otherwise the Queen's crown will be that which she wore at the Coronation. One of the smaller stars of Africa will probably be substituted for the great Indian stone. The Queen will wear in India many of the dresses which were made for the season here, and which were prepared with a view to the Indian visit as well. New ones have been added, of course; but those for great occasions here will be worn again there.

A House of Enticement.

Pretty and dainty things should ever have harmonious and charming setting. This is provided by the Louis Seize Salons of the

Maison Tecla installed in Karntnerstrasse 2, at Vienna, the newest branch of this celebrated Rue de la Paix house, which, in addition to its branch here, has one at New York and one at Nice. A delicate, creamy grey is the principal tone of the newest salon. It is used in carpets and furniture-covering, the beautiful furniture and cases being of Italian walnut. Austrian ladies will appreciate buying beautiful ornaments in surroundings so sympathetic. The latest designs in jewellery, now that there is a revival in the art, gain greatly by an environment so cultured and luxurious.

The Wedding of the Moment.

This week's wedding is of great interest. The bridegroom, Lord Leconfield, is one of our richest Peers, and a nephew of Lord Rosebery. He has entertained much, quietly and without advertisement, but in magnificent style. Chaperons had given up all hope of his marrying, when he chose for himself Miss Rawson, a girl just out, caring more for hunting, country, gardens, and games than for the doings of



MORE TOOTHsome THAN SOME OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM TRIPOLI: A SCENE FROM A WAR-ARTIST'S NOTEBOOK.

This little illustration, which was sent by a correspondent on the North African coast, shows that the natives are not wholly engrossed in the Turco-Italian War. Some still take an interest in the means of cultivating one of the chief features of personal attraction—a good set of teeth.

Society in town—a girl, moreover, closely connected with the great Hamilton family, of which the Duke of Abercorn is head. The bridal following will include many young people: there will be two pages—Lord Charles Cavendish, second son of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, who is about six; and Viscount Ockham, son of the Earl and Countess of Lovelace, in his seventh year. The bridesmaids are nearly all children. The bride's only sister will be the chief of the band, which will include Lady Blanche Cavendish, second daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, who is thirteen; Lady Margaret Scott, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Dalkeith, just eighteen; Lady Cynthia Hamilton, second daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Hamilton, now about eleven; Lady Diana King, second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lovelace, in her tenth year; Miss Kathleen Ryder, second daughter of the Hon. Edward and Lady Maud Ryder, in her twelfth year—these are all cousins of the bride. There are also included in her train of young attendants the Hon. Aileen Brodrick, who is twenty-one, second daughter of Viscount Midleton; her elder sister, the Hon. Sybil Brodrick, the first of the Queen's Maids-of-Honour to become engaged; the Hon. Aurea Baring, second daughter of Lord Ashburton, and now about twenty (she has a sister Maid-of-Honour to the Queen, going to India in attendance on her Majesty); and Miss Edith Loder, daughter of Mrs. Wilfrid Loder, who is eighteen. All are pretty girls, and they will wear picture-dresses of white mousseline-de-soie, with Nattier-

blue sashes and blue-velvet hats; the pages will also be in white and blue. It is rather more than likely that the Queen will be present, and everyone who is anyone in town will want to attend the wedding.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.

Not Oliver Wendell Holmes, but another! Coffee—that without which breakfast is as “Hamlet” with no Prince of Denmark—is dearer, and will be dearer and dearer still, owing to bad crops. However its price goes up, we will have it: the thing is to be sure that it is pure and of unassailable quality. Everything for the breakfast has gone up in price—porridge, milk, tea, coffee, butter, and bacon. Even Tariff Reform could not remedy the effects of bad weather producing bad crops. The upheaval of prices will tempt dealers to maintain their old lists at quality less desirable. What we have to remember is to be sure the purity is maintained. Where health and well-being are concerned, saving at the cost of quality is the worst kind of penny wisdom and pound foolishness! Adherence to old prices can only be attained at this sacrifice.

There is an echo of the pulpit in the Duchess de Sermoneta's title, and it was quite fitting that her son should have married a lady of holy ancestry in one of the finest of London's churches. Miss Margaret Chapin returned to England, and Spanish Place, with an American record that goes back to the Pilgrim Fathers. Her husband, the Prince de Bassiano, second son of the Duchess of Sermoneta and cousin of the Earl of Lathom, brings on his side a family history that can match in piety that of the most devout of New Englanders.

Two Popes, no less, has his family furnished to the Papal chair.

The forthcoming Durbar will be pyrotechnically celebrated on a magnificent scale in all the principal cities of India—Delhi, Calcutta, Bombay, Rangoon, Simla, etc. Some idea of the complete-

OF LACE MORE DELICATE THAN A SPIDER'S WEB: THE TRAIN PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN BY THE LADIES OF BELFAST FOR USE AT ONE OF THE DURBAR CEREMONIES AT DELHI.

The train, which was made in the Presentation Convent at Youghal, occupied fifty workers for six months, and its threads are so wonderfully fine as to make those of a spider's web seem comparatively coarse. In length it is the regulation four yards for a Court train, and is two yards wide at one end, narrowing gradually to fit on to the shoulders. The design is of fuchsias and roses. The order for it was given to the Convent by Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, Belfast. [Photograph Lafayette, Dublin.]

ness of this feature may be gauged from the fact that Messrs. James Pain and Sons are now sending over two hundred tons of explosives and gear, besides ten shiploads of illumination and decorative material to India for the particular purpose of his Majesty's visit.

Continued from page 156.]

A new House story. It concerns a member noted for his closeness and the tenacity of his purpose never to give away any information, or hint as to how he wants to deal. He announced his intention of spending a week-end at Brighton. On the following Monday, somebody in the House asked the junior partner whether the trip took place. The partner grinned, and shook his head. "Only got as far as Victoria," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"Well," the partner answered, "he went to Victoria, but when he got to the ticket-office, he wouldn't open to the booking-clerk!"

Reminds one of that other House yarn about the two competing jobbers who were running a book in some out-of-the-way stuff, and who were both eagerly desirous to find out which way the other man was. At length one day, unable to restrain his curiosity any longer, A walked over to B and asked him if he had anything to do with the shares on the basis of 1½. "Of course I have," said B, glad of the opportunity for at last opening the other man's book. "Make you 1½—1½ in fifty." Now A was already beginning to repent of his resolve and was casting about for an excuse to get back again to his market. "Sorry, doesn't suit," and he started to walk away. "Come here," cried B, now determined to make the man deal. "I'll make you seven—nine in fifty." "Sorry, doesn't suit," replied A. "Then I'll give you your choice at a half," declared B, meaning, of course, that A could either buy or sell the shares at the same price, which would, however, expose his hand. But A was an old bird and a wary. Edging away, "Sorry, doesn't suit," he repeated, and the yarn has passed into a Stock Exchange classic. If it's been told before, it must have been, I think by

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

A NITRATE REPORT AND NITRATE PROSPECTS.

The Santa Catalina Company's report produced a very favourable impression, showing a trading profit of £26,000 and a net revenue balance of over £23,000, which is a great improvement on the previous year. If the other Companies, whose reports are about due, show anything like the same results, there is bound to be some movement in the Nitrate Market, which at the moment remains "steadily firm." The profit has been earned on an output of nearly 40,000 quintals less than in the year 1909-1910, and as the manufacturing capacity of the Company is very much larger than the actual production, the directors appear to have wisely kept a little in reserve.

The San Sebastian Company last year showed a net profit of £12,800, and a dividend of 5 per cent was paid, but the accounts to Dec. 31 next will undoubtedly show an improvement—probably not less than £5000—and the £5 shares at 3¼ look as if there was room for a rise.

The price of the raw material has suffered a slight set-back, owing, it is said, to the consumption in the United States not coming up to the sanguine expectations formed; but no substantial drop is at all likely, especially as the European demand is heavy, and, with the present price of sugar stimulating the planting of beet, is likely to be even heavier.

THE MEXICO NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

We have from time to time mentioned the Common shares of this Company as a speculative lock-up, and they have, since we first suggested them to a correspondent, risen from 44 to about 49. The 5 per. Cent. bonds at 83 are by no means a bad investment to pay nearly 6 per cent., but, as both the receipts from the line and from the Company's lumber business are improving greatly, it is the Common stock that attracts the speculative investor. The Company is in very clever hands, and we know that the directors have complete confidence in the future success of the enterprise; while options at about 56 have been eagerly secured by insiders. To make these options of any value the current market price must go to nearly 60, which, we believe, is not improbable. The buyer of Mexico North-Westerns must not expect dividends at present—probably not for eighteen months at least. *Saturday, Nov. 4, 1911.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.
Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

J. C. H.—The Company is not very flourishing, the last report unsatisfactory, and, considering the competition, we do not think that 5 per cent. is an adequate return on money invested in the Ordinary shares of a Motor business. If the shares were our own, we should take the first favourable chance of selling.

G. C.—(1) The state of Mexico is not so unsatisfactory to make us think badly of the First Preference stock. (2) It is difficult to say which is the best. On the whole, we prefer the Mexican stock.

LUDLOW.—The bonds are "Sinking Fund Gold bonds," and are as you say. People are nervous of what might happen in case of a break-up; but they look good enough.

HENTY.—See this week's Notes. The following might suit: (1) Argentine Land and Investment Preference or Income bonds, (2) Leopoldina 5½ per cent. Preference, (3) United of Havana 5 per cent. Cumulative Preference, (4) Chesapeake and Ohio Twenty-Year Convertible Gold bonds.

NIMROD.—We do not suppose the first of your shares will ever be worth anything; the second may improve.

NOVEMBER.—(1) We know nothing against them, but think they are share-pushers. (2) Both shares are fair Industrials, but we prefer many others.

E. L. C.—Leopoldina Terminal Debentures or City of Pernambuco 5 per cent. bonds would do. See also answer to "Henty."

"LADY'S PICTORIAL" AND "SPORTING AND DRAMATIC" PUBLISHING.—The report for the year ended Sept. 30 last, to be presented on the 15th inst., shows a profit of £15,450. The directors propose to pay a further dividend at the rate of 2½ per cent. per annum, making the total dividend for the year 3 per cent., the same as for the previous year, and to carry forward £1019.

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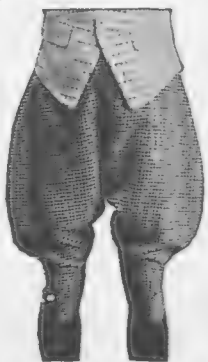
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SPORT AT OXFORD.

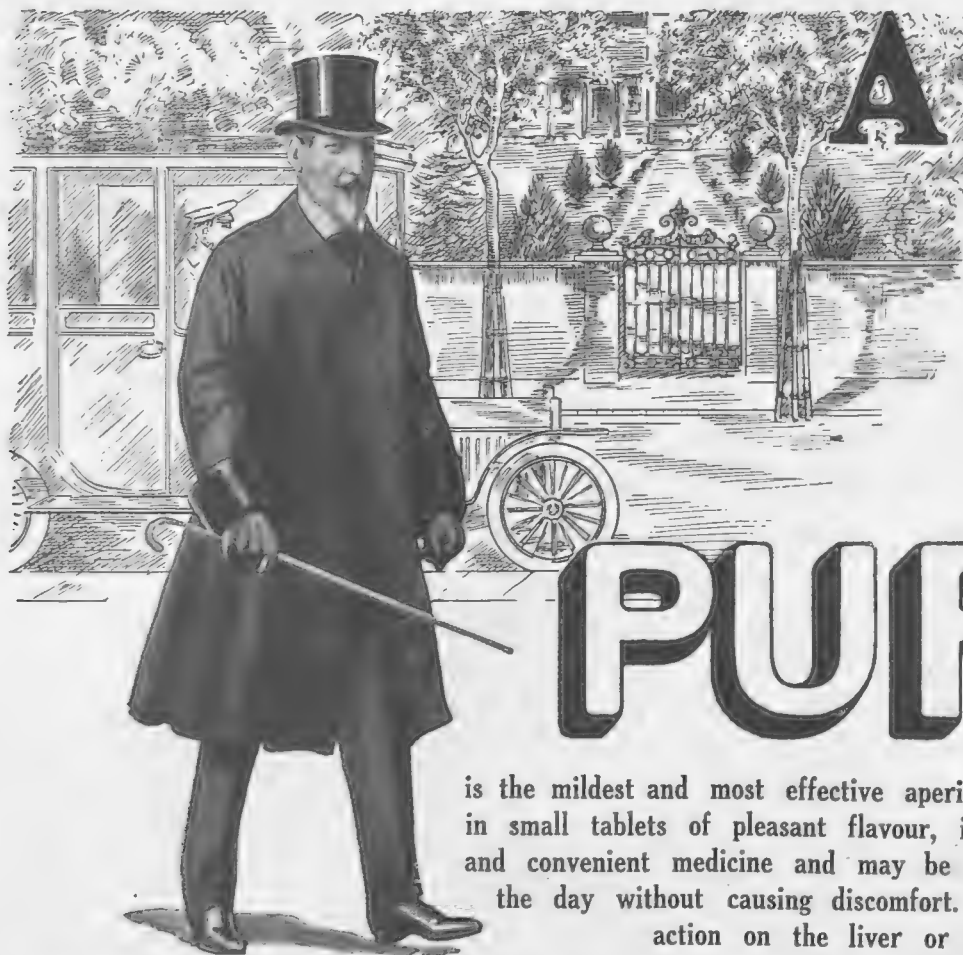
THINGS have settled down in Oxford after the Long, and, with the usual round of Seniors', Freshers', and Trial matches over, the various teams are getting into swing for the season. The doings of the Rugger side are most in the eye at the present moment, as they have only this term to prepare for the Cambridge match. They began well. In their first three matches, only Merchant Taylors' team scored against them, but the United Services beat them on Wednesday by 16 points to 10. The forwards were, at first, rather out of condition; but they seem to be shaking together now, and when Bain comes in, towards the end of term, they should be quite up to the standard of recent years. They have a good sprinkling of Old Blues to rely on—Lagden, Bullock, Brown, and Sharpe—and the rest should come from Young (Magdalen), Ritchie and Gilmour (Trinity), Donald and Boyd (University), with Oxland, a freshman from Durham, and Staples, from Rhodesia. Knott and Cheesman cannot well be removed at half, where they are improving on last year's form. The former seems to have recovered from the affection of his eyes, which spoilt his cricket this season. Poulton will find the arrangement of his three-quarters his chief difficulty, one imagines. He has himself and Green from last year's team, with Allen, who appears to have been dropped; and besides these, there are two good centres in Dingle and Reid, and two fast wings in Steyn and Stolz. The latter have not quite found the English game yet; but Steyn, at any rate, should receive a long trial. Sampson is again available for back, and Broster, of Blackheath and Trinity, seems ready to fill a vacancy either in this position or at half. Lagden's place-kicking has been quite astonishing in the matches up to date.

The Soccer team has had to contend with a lot of injuries even thus early in the season. It is lucky that they have more time on their hands than the Rugger side before the 'Varsity match. There seems to have been some difficulty over the arrangement of the date for this. For some years the Oxford and Cambridge Soccer match has clashed with either the London Scottish or Harlequin match, and efforts were made this season to avert that. However, it is found that the only possible date is Feb. 10, which is the date of the London Scottish match. This is a great pity, and it is hoped that this misfortune will be avoided next season. Kerry, Campbell, and Hosie are the only three available from last year's team, but the Seniors were more promising than usual, and at least one good Freshman

was discovered in the trial games—H. C. James, of Leatherhead. Hosie has moved from centre to inside-right, and Johnson seems firmly established on the wing. Wager, who was crocked in the first match last year, is gradually improving at centre, though he seems afraid to trust himself; Macdonald at inside left, and Kerry at outside, should complete quite a good forward line. Anderson, the O.U.A.C. president, played exceedingly well in one of the trials; but he has since broken a muscle long-jumping, and it is probable that he will never hurdle again. He has had very bad luck with injuries lately. In addition to his last accident, he has had trouble with another muscle, which affected his running in the Harvard and Yale match, and the season before he suffered from a badly sprained ankle. At half, Gow, Kirby, Rhodes, and Davidson are all in the running, and probably a place will have to be found for Popham, who comes up from Repton after Christmas. Campbell's partner at back is rather difficult to find; Lakin has played quite well, but is not quite fast or heavy enough. His kicking is beautiful, however, and he is very cool. Failing him, Foljambe, Trotter, or Kirk should have some trials. Reckitt (Queen's) seems to be the best goal-keeper in residence, though Bruton (Keble) may be useful if he is up next term. Kerry, Gow, Rhodes, Kirby, and Davidson have all been slightly hurt and unable to play for a time; but, in spite of this, the side has done well in their first three games, beating Reading Amateurs (4-2), Essex (2-1), and only just losing to a strong Corinthian side (1-2).

On the river the President takes a trial eight out every day, and now that the fours are over we can hope to see before very long how the final trials will be made up. New College and Magdalen, the most promising crews for the fours, met on Friday, when Magdalen was beaten. The final between New College and Balliol was arranged for last Saturday. It is good to hear that N. Field (B.N.C.), who rowed in the Boat two years ago, is again up and available this year.

The O.U.A.C. are trying the experiment of inter-collegiate sports this season. These are to take the place of the college sports, which were, as a rule, dismal failures, even when they were held at all. The new system, which is the one in use at Cambridge, will no doubt help to stimulate the interest of the ordinary undergraduate in the doings on the track. Something of the sort was urgently needed, as the O.U.A.C. has been very badly supported of late years. Last year inter-collegiate team races were held, and the final brought a record crowd down to see it. We hope the same happy result will reward the club this year.



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mattress, at £1 17s. 6d.; costly Chippen-
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very fine all-brass bedstead, fitted superior
spring mattress, £5 10s.; costly inlaid
satinwood bedroom suite, £45; panelled
satinwood bedstead to match, 12gs.; very
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armchairs and six small ditto to match,
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£15 15s.; Hepplewhite design, sideboard,
12gs.; ditto design table, extending, £7 15s.;
handsome case, £3 15s.; choice dessert
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£1 8s.; grand piano, £25; music
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costly bronze and marble clock with side
pieces, 7gs.; valuable set of crystal table
glass, about 100 pieces, £4 15s.; luxurious
Chesterfield settee, £3 15s.; two luxurious
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cabinet, 4ft. 6in. wide, £14 14s.; satinwood
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decorated overmantel, £3 10s.; costly satin-
wood decorated suite, covered choice bro-
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XV. design all-brass fender suite, £8 15s.;
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covering of Parisian broche silk, at £9 0s.;
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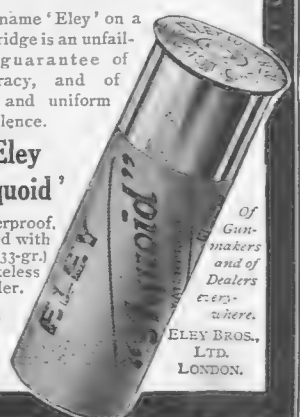
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The artist is lamentably apt to find himself working under a cloud unknown to the bank clerk or draper's assistant. The hours which these latter assign to work are sacred from domestic and social interruptions. Henry and John, leaving their suburban homes in the misty morning, become as dead to the drama of those interiors for a fixed time each day, and no one thinks the worse of them for it. They are only doing that duty which England traditionally expects. But when the artist engaged on creative work demands the same freedom from intrusion without the refuge of office or shop, when he regulates his life by his work, and eliminates for himself those distractions which the Tube settles for lesser workmen, then he may easily find himself accused of lack of humour, of selfishness, of inhumanity. Yet we all know how indispensable are such conditions to any undertaking, and that a man engaged in congenial work is satisfied by the harmonious absorption of his best faculties. Well, it is, perhaps, one of the disabilities of womanhood which denies to the woman the complete absorption of her being in her highest undertaking. These reflections follow naturally on Mr. Benson's story, for it is obvious that Margery

Leveson did not derive the same complete expression in bearing a child as did her husband in writing a book. Her work did not absorb her ego as his did him. Though singularly unselfish, and quite rapturous over her prospective motherhood, she wanted other things—companionship, attention, distraction. He merely asked for a serene room in a serene house where he might write. Mr. Benson is very tender about Margery; he is in love, like Walter, the perfect lover, with her sweet femininity. He marries her early in the book to a rich and desperately serious scholar of Greek antiquity. A kind of flowery Pater, his refinement and fastidiousness of mind were the qualities which first attracted Margery; but, once married, she, so emotional and fervently affectionate, was to learn with some bitterness how little she really counted with that attractive personality. He inadvertently dotted the "i's" for her by his discovery that the flower of Greek art—"fragrant, gem-like, human"—was an entirely male affair, magnificently free from feminine inspiration or influence. "Observe," he seemed to say, "the decadence of these puling moderns, who call woman into their studies and invoke her as their muse!" Hurt and desperate, in spite of all his kindness (for Arnold Leveson was a model husband) it remained for Margery to discover, in her turn, a blossoming, unlike that austere Greek one, but also fragrant, gemlike, and infinitely human. Years ago the seed had been buried by her old playmate, Walter.



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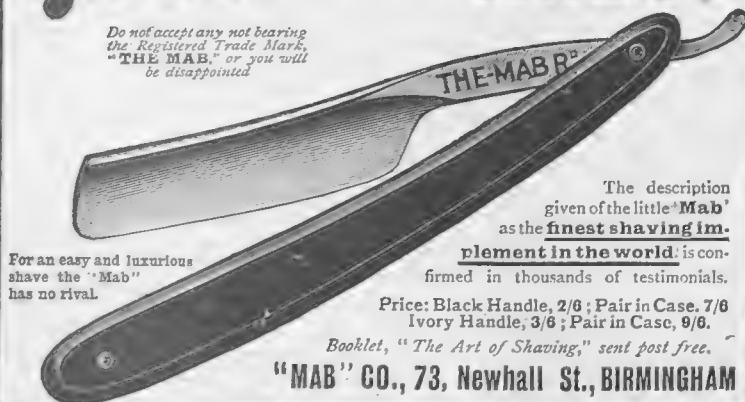
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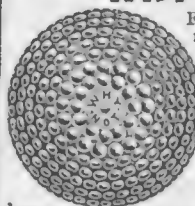
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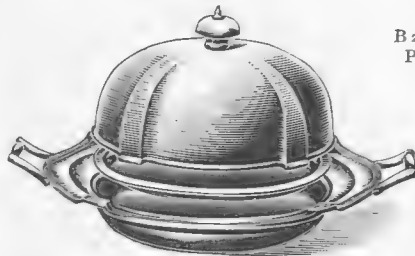
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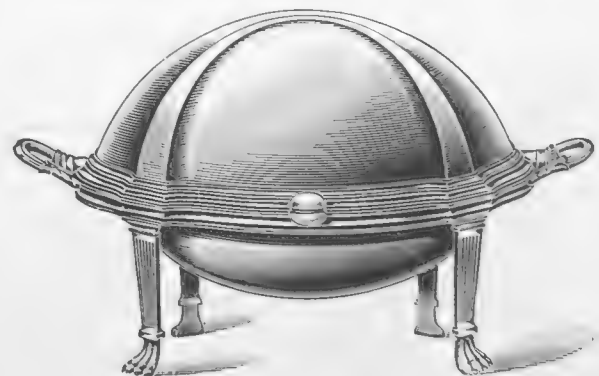
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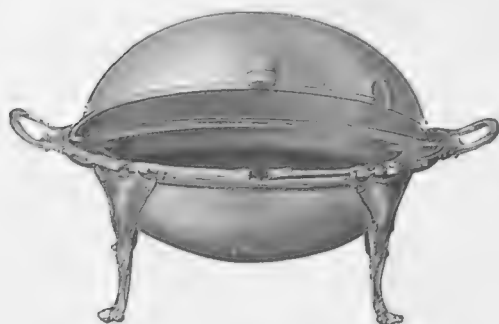
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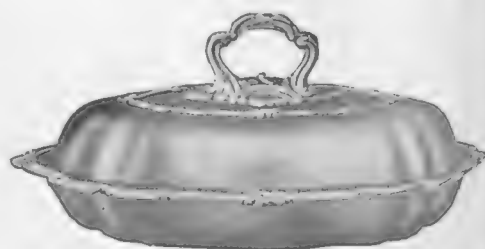


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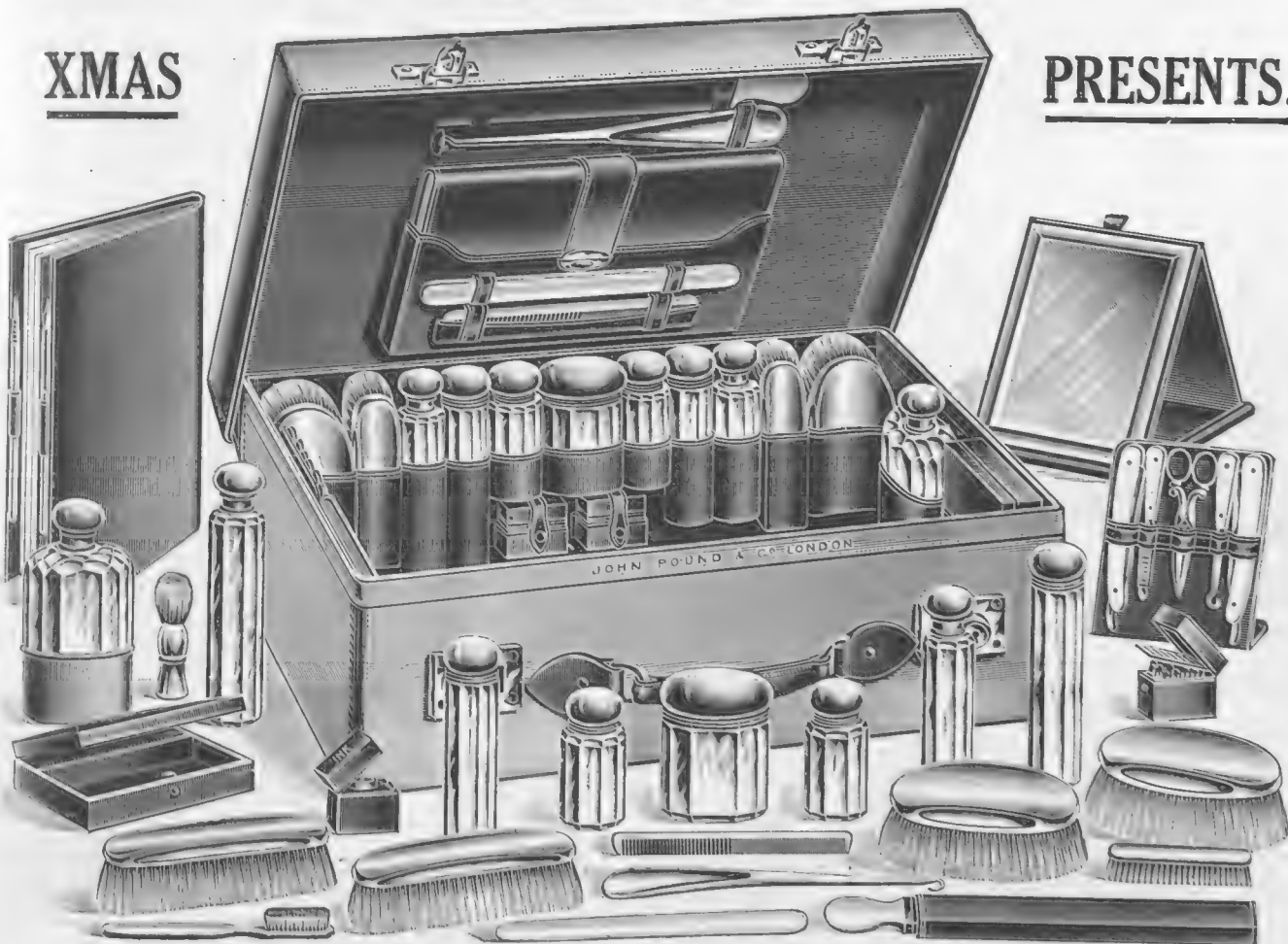
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THE WORLD-FAMED
ANGELUS

GRAND & UPRIGHT PLAYER-PIANOS

As Supplied to His Late Majesty King Edward VII.

When listening to a great Pianist playing some great composition you are impressed by three things: the musician's perfect command of all the resources of the keyboard, his sympathetic touch, and the individuality he is able to impart to the music. Try to realise how delightful it is to be able to bring such a complete command and individuality to the Piano.

Each of these great gifts is yours when you possess an Angelus—the wonderful control of all the resources of the Piano, the sympathetic touch upon the keys, the note of individuality. They are achieved largely by the marvellous and unique patented Angelus Expression Devices, the **Melodant**, **Phrasing Lever**, and the **Artistyle**, without which the greatest musicians have admitted that a musical rendering of all music is impossible.

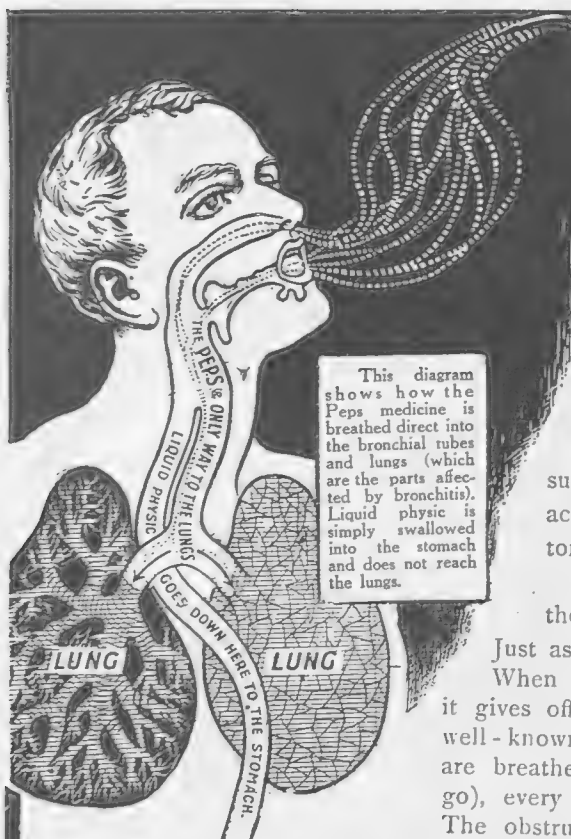
The Angelus Player-Pianos comprise Grand and Upright Pianos of the most artistic character, and include the famous **Brinsmead**, the superb **Marshall and Rose**, **Knabe**, **Emerson**, **Winkelmann**, **Squire**, etc. These makes of Pianos have been carefully selected on account of their beauty of tone, perfect touch, and durability.

You are invited to call and hear the Angelus, or write for illustrated Catalogue No. 4 of the latest models.



Herbert Marshall & Sons Ltd

Dept. 235, Angelus Hall, Regent House,
235, Regent Street, London, W.



This diagram shows how the Peps medicine is breathed direct into the bronchial tubes and lungs (which are the parts affected by bronchitis). Liquid phlegm is simply swallowed into the stomach and does not reach the lungs.

Peps, the novel medicine of unequalled compactness and efficiency, stops coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis—the forerunners of pleurisy, pneumonia, and even consumption. Of all chemists, at 1/11 or 2/9 per box.

Before You Buy a Box of Peps make a
FREE TEST.

On receipt of 1d. stamp to cover return postage, The Peps Co., Carlton Hill, Leeds, will send anyone a free trial sample of this unequalled remedy for throat and chest trouble if "Sketch," 8/11/11 is mentioned.

Quick Relief From the Suffocating Torture of BRONCHITIS

BREATHE PEPS INTO THE THROAT & LUNGS.

TO safely and effectively cure bronchitis, the breathing-tubes that run from the back of the mouth to the lungs must be first cleared of the phlegm which is obstructing the breath. The delicate walls of these breathing-tubes must also be strengthened so that they will not be so sensitive in future to sudden weather changes. Breathe-able Peps provide the most effective means for accomplishing this, as thousands who have been rescued from the suffocating torture of bronchitis by Peps can testify.

Ordinary medicines, which are poured into the stomach, cannot cure, because they miss entirely the wind-pipe and the chest, where the trouble is seated.

Just as in the first instance you breathed in the trouble, so you must breathe in the remedy.

When a Peps tablet is removed from its silver wrapper and placed in the mouth, it gives off certain medicinal fumes which impregnate the air we breathe with all the well-known chest-strengthening virtues of the pine-forest. As the wonderful Peps fumes are breathed down the wind-pipe into the chest and lungs (where liquid phlegm cannot go), every bit of the sore and inflamed lining membrane is soothed and healed. The obstructive phlegm is loosened and expelled, breathing is made easy and comfortable, and an end is quickly put to those cutting bouts of coughing, even though the cough has been a companion for years. The deep-seated trouble is taken out by the roots. **Peps are the real breathe-able remedy**, and give comfort, ease, strength, and permanent relief from the terrors of chronic bronchitis.

Peps

The Novel Breathe able Remedy.



NEW ZEALAND JADE

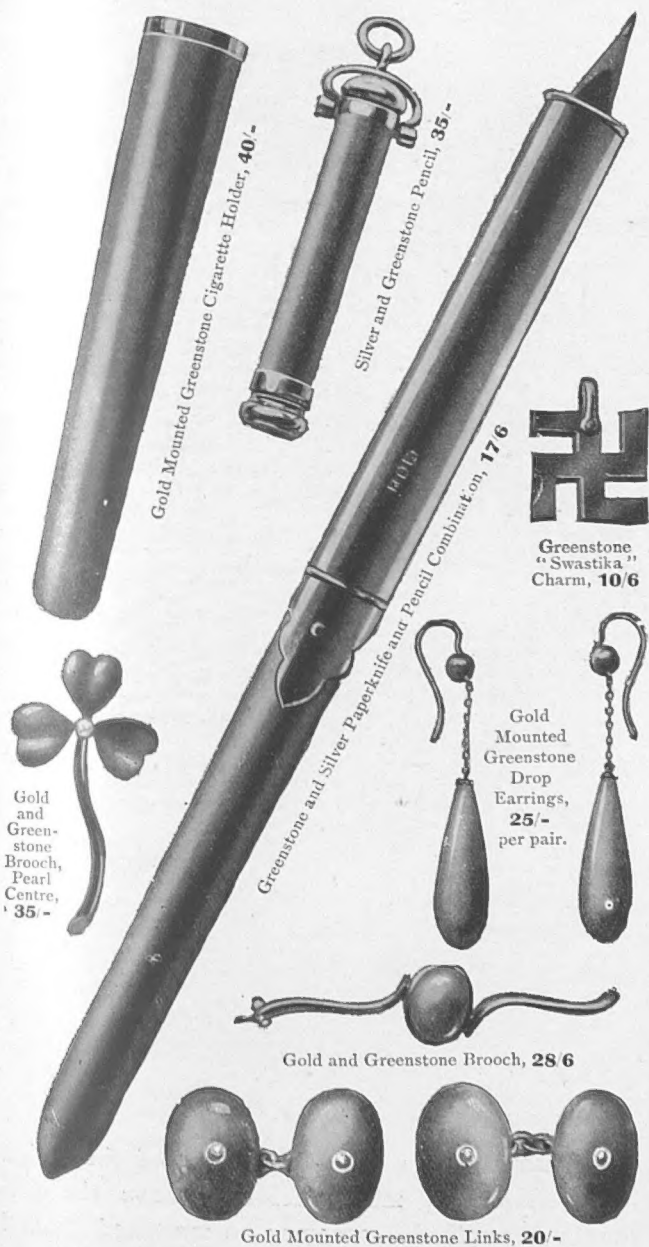


THE harbinger of luck—the Jade from New Zealand—possesses a charm altogether different from other precious stones.

The rich colouring, as deep and mysterious as the tree-mirrored pools of the forests of New Zealand, gives it a singularly mystic appearance, and places it in an entirely different class from ordinary Jades.

Notwithstanding the extremely charming effect and delightful colouring, this Jade is not expensive.

A few examples are set out below:—



Booklet free and goods sent on approval on receipt of references.

FRANK HYAMS LTD
128 New Bond Street
London W
FROM DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND

A Famous Actress



MRS. BROWN-
POTTER.

Photo.
Lallie Charles.

Exhaustion, Nerve Strain, Headache—

All over the world vast audiences have been thrilled and stirred by the rare combination of great beauty and great genius possessed so markedly by Mrs. Brown-Potter. To the matchless charm of womanhood, this famous actress adds a temperament which clothes itself at will with all the moods and passions of human nature. Thus the actual perfection and thoroughness of her work produce such exhaustion that Phosferine alone enables her to withstand the great emotional strain.

As great in private life as in her public career, Mrs. Brown-Potter graciously confesses she can best maintain her splendid vitality with Phosferine, and that she retains her beauty unimpaired by nervous disorders is surely an additional tribute to the 'Remedy of Kings.' The best precaution against languor, headache, and nervousness, says this distinguished lady, is Phosferine, and the superb energy of Mrs. Brown-Potter is proof that the famous tonic enables every man and woman to make the very best of themselves mentally and physically.

Completely prevented.

Mrs. Brown-Potter, writes:—"I am both delighted and satisfied with the excellent results I have derived from Phosferine. In all my experience I have not found any tonic as beneficial and agreeable, or one that so quickly dispels the headache and languor consequent on great mental exertion. To those whose temperament disposes them to feel intensely the emotions of the characters they represent, Phosferine is more than a boon, it is a necessity, as it diminishes the exhaustion and strain on the system, and renews the nerve force. After the fatigue of a long, tedious journey, or of playing a particularly strenuous part like 'Madam X,' when the muscles are limp and the nerves of the whole body are quivering and jangled, there is no finer restorative than a dose of Phosferine. Unquestionably, I feel more intensely alert and vigorous after taking Phosferine, and consider its unfailing efficacy deserving of the widest publicity. If anything can add to my own appreciation, it is the fact that my mother enjoys splendid health and an entire freedom from influenza and neuralgia ever since she began to take Phosferine."

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility
Influenza
Indigestion
Sleeplessness
Exhaustion

Neuralgia
Maternity Weakness
Premature Decay
Mental Exhaustion
Loss of Appetite

Lassitude
Neuritis
Faintness
Brain-Fag
Anæmia

Backache
Rheumatism
Headache
Hysteria
Sciatica

and disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.



The Royal Tonic

Phosferine has been supplied by Royal Commands

To the Royal Family
H.I.M. the Empress of Russia
H.M. the King of Spain
H.M. the King of Greece
H.M. the Queen of Roumania

H.M. the Queen of Spain
H.I.M. the Dowager Empress of Russia
H.I.H. the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia
H.R.H. the Grand Duchess of Hesse
The Imperial Family of China

And the Principal Royalty and Aristocracy throughout the world.

The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1 size.



THE CHARM OF A
YOUTHFUL COMPLEXION
IS ASSURED BY USING

BEETHAM'S La-rola

There is no other Toilet Preparation equal to **La-rola** for imparting the glow of health and youth to the skin and complexion, and for protecting same from the injurious effects of Frost, Cold Winds, and Hard Water. Roughness, Redness, Irritation, and Chaps are prevented, and the skin kept in a perfect condition all the year round.

Get a bottle from your chemist to-day. You will be delighted with it. Bottles 1s. and 2s. 6d. each, of all Chemists and Stores.

**M. BEETHAM & SON,
CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.**

French Corsets in every type,
style, and material kept in stock.

(The London Corset Co)

28 NEW BOND ST W.

IN directing the attention of the readers of "The Sketch" to the following, the London Corset Co. do so in the consciousness that their Corsets are absolutely unequalled either in Paris or London. They are the product of French genius: ladies can therefore rely upon having a garment that is not only a joy to the eye, but absolutely the thing that must be worn. Corsets are with us an obsession; we live by and for them.



Exquisite Corset in Crepe-de-Chine of the lightest weight possible. A mere incident above the waist, the length beneath is extreme; so modelled that the figure is not only improved but kept beautifully together. The boning is of the slightest, and the six suspenders used keep the Corset in correct and perfect position.

£6 6s.

(See Sketch.)

THE WEAR OF ALL CORSETS GUARANTEED.
SENT ON APPROVAL UPON RECEIPT OF SATISFACTORY REFERENCES.

CHAS. PACKER & CO

Established over
a Century

Jewellers and Silversmiths.

FASHIONABLE EARRINGS

The largest and most varied
stock in London.



Fine Diamonds and
Pearls.
£14 10 0

Screw fittings
supplied
for unpierced ears.



Fine Diamonds and Pearls.
£22 10 0



Fine Pearls and
Peridots.
£2 15 0



Fine whole Pearls
and Aquamarines.
£5 5 0

Customers' ears
skillfully pierced
free of charge.



Fine Aquamarines
and Diamonds.
£7 18 0

THE ILLUSTRATED
"BOOK OF EARRINGS"
POST FREE
ON APPLICATION.

Selections forwarded on approval, carriage paid

76 & 78 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.



Gabrielle Ray *Connie Ediss* *Phyllis Dare* *Olive May*

A wonderful new Scent, originally created to suit the taste of these four of London's Leading Actresses, can now be obtained by the public at 4/6 a bottle.

A perfume with a romance.

Some time ago, Messrs. Atkinson, of 24, Old Bond Street, were commissioned to create an entirely new perfume for the four famous actresses whose portraits are printed on this page.

The house, after many careful and exhaustive experiments, evolved a series of five perfumes which were submitted to the four ladies for selection. The perfumes were labelled 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5. Each was the outcome of years of experience—

but one had a fragrance more delicate than the others, a refinement more

rare, a charm more fascinating — this was No. 3. Those who created this new perfume had said it was their masterpiece, and the actresses unanimously pronounced it their favourite. Read what they say about "Poinsetta."

"Of the five sample bottles I prefer No. 3 ('Poinsetta'). Its soft, dreamy character lends it a very distinctive charm."
(Sgd.) **PHYLLIS DARE.**

"I believe you would find it much more popular if you increased the price. People who do not know 'Poinsetta' might be a little incredulous that a fine perfume could be bought for 4/6—in fact, most of my friends pay 10/6."
(Sgd.) **CONNIE EDISS.**

"I used to think that the best perfumes came from abroad, but the sample labelled No. 3 ('Poinsetta') is, I think, the most delicate and delightful scent I have ever found."
(Sgd.) **GABRIELLE RAY.**

"I am surprised that a perfume of such rare charm and delicacy can be obtained for so low a price as 4/6. 'Poinsetta' is unobtrusive but sweetly all-pervading."
(Sgd.) **OLIVE MAY.**

"Poinsetta" Perfume possesses the fresh fragrance of the living flower; it has the intensity of a bouquet, and yet is so delicate, so subtle, so pervading, that its charm is everywhere evident, though its presence is nowhere obtrusive.

Atkinson's Poinsetta

Those ladies who know—as Queen Elizabeth's Maids of Honour knew—that one exquisite scent should pervade the entire toilet, will appreciate the introduction of the "Poinsetta" perfume into the following:—

"POINSETTA" PERFUME.—In three sizes, 4/6, 8/6 and 20/- per bottle.

"POINSETTA" TOILET POWDER.—A poudre de riz of exquisite fineness and purity, adheres to the skin and imparts to the complexion the bloom of youth and health. Cannot possibly harm the

skin. Made in three shades—Blanche, Rose and Brunette. Price 2/- per box.

"POINSETTA" TOILET SOAP.—A true complexion soap, yielding a delicate and emollient lather, and exquisitely soft and beautifying to the skin. Price 1/- per tablet.

"POINSETTA" HAIR LOTION.—Cleanses and beautifies the skin and hair. A true tonic for the hair; prevents it falling off and stimulates its growth. Price 6/- per bottle.

"POINSETTA" SACHETS for perfuming gloves, linen, etc. Price 1/- each.

A Special Offer.

Messrs. Atkinson have prepared a limited number of cases, containing miniature samples of the Perfume, Powder and Soap. One of these will be sent (carriage paid) to each applicant who encloses 1/- to defray part of the cost. And as a souvenir of the romantic origin of "Poinsetta," each applicant will receive a CRAYON REPRODUCTION of an artist's sketch from any one of the portraits. As the number of miniature cases are limited, and as the demand is bound to be enormous, early application should be made on the coupon to prevent disappointment.

The "Poinsetta" Specialities may be obtained of all first-class Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores, or direct from the Sole Makers:

J. & E. ATKINSON, Ltd., 24, Old Bond Street, London, W.
Perfumers by Appointment to their Majesties the King and Queen and to Queen Alexandra.

To
J. & E. Atkinson, Ltd.
24, Old Bond Street,
London, W.

Please send me the special case containing the miniature samples of "POINSETTA" Perfume, Powder and Soap, and also a crayon reproduction of the portrait of
Miss.....

I enclose 1/- to defray part of the cost and postage.

Name.....
Address.....

Sketch, Nov. 8, 1911.

OLYMPIA MOTOR SHOW NOTES.

(Continued.)

Lancia: Two Direct Drives!

Although there is a new Lancia, a 15-h.p. with 80 mm. and 130 mm. cylinders, the 30-h.p. has proved so successful in the past that nothing beyond a few modifications has been found necessary to equip the car for 1912. The water-circulating pump has been made very much more accessible, as well as the magneto. The new car quoted above has an *en bloc* engine with cylinders 80 mm. in bore by 130 mm. stroke, while it also presents the particularly interesting feature of two direct drives; that is, that on the third and fourth speeds (for, although a small car, a four-speed gear-box is fitted), the drive is directly through from the engine without the interposition of gearing, save the usual bevel-drive to the differential gear. This should provoke favour for this chassis, seeing that, with an engine of the dimensions given and a chassis weighing only 14 cwt., the third and fourth speeds should take the car anywhere. Michelin detachable rims and Jones speedometer are standard fittings for Lancia cars for 1912.

The Rotax Accessories.

Many up-to-date specialties are to be found on the stand of the Rotax Accessories Company. They all bear evidence of the fact that they are the production of those who are thoroughly conversant with the requirements of motorists of all grades. The special feature of the stand is the Leitner electric-lighting installation, with its "constant-current dynamo," a system which has achieved great success during the past season. The name of Leitner is sufficient to warrant the perfection of electrical design and construction. Another feature is the Rotax single-twist horn, very convenient for cleaning, but, by reason of its construction, preserving all the sound-volume of a horn of many turns. The Rotax scuttle-dash screen, controlled for inclination from the driver's seat, is a very practical and effective arrangement.

The**Austro-Daimlers.**

Chief on the stand of the Austrian Daimler Company are the 27-30-h.p. Prince Henry car and the 16-18-h.p. model, of which the Alpine Austro-Daimler is a variation. It will be seen that the 105 mm. by 165 mm. four-cylinder engine forms quite a departure from the remaining types. The valves are set in the combustion-chambers and operated by an overhead cam-shaft. Two Bosch magnetos are provided for two distinct systems of ignition. The lubrication is interesting from the fact that a small pump driven by skew-gear from the cam-shaft supplies oil to each of the chief bearings. A plate-clutch transmits the drive to the four-speed gear-box. There are two propeller-shaft brakes, in addition to the side-lever-applied brakes on the back wheels, the former being applied by pedals. Rudge-Whitworth wire wheels are standard. The 16-18-h.p. is on somewhat similar lines, the engine, of course, being considerably

smaller in its stroke and bore—namely, 80 mm. by 110 mm.—the cylinders being cast *en bloc*. The clutch, gear-box, and back axle are similar to the Prince Henry car. The other models are the 25-30-h.p. and the 50-60-h.p. The whole of this exhibit is well worth attention, for ever since these cars have been on the English market they have met with much favour and given great satisfaction.

The Maxwell and Stoddart Cars.

The Maxwell car in a previous form was on the English market some years ago, but the 20-h.p. model (4 in. bore, 4½ in. stroke), not shown at Olympia, but now on view at the United International Motors, Ltd., of 212-214, Great Portland Street, brings this wonderfully cheap car right up to date. It has cylinders cast in pairs, with opposed valves, thermo-syphon cooling, with double-branched in and out flow pipes; forced lubrication to crank-shaft bearings and dipers on the connecting-rod ends. The Splittorf dual ignition is fitted. The makers recently received a cable from Jacksonville, Florida, stating that a Maxwell car has won the Glidden Trophy for the Glidden Tour from New York to Jacksonville—a distance of 1454 miles. Sixty-seven cars competed. The 20-h.p. Stoddart, which is a fine example of automobile engineering, has 4 in. by 4½ in. cylinders *en bloc*, with thermo-syphon cooling and Bosch dual ignition.

The Studied Sheffield-Simplex.

The details of the wonderful end-to-end (Land's End to John o' Groat's) run, performed by the six-cylinder Sheffield-Simplex car are still sufficiently fresh in the public mind to attract attention to the stand upon which examples of those fine cars the 45-h.p. six-cylinder and the 25-h.p. six-cylinder Sheffield-Simplex are found. No departure of any importance will be observed in the more powerful model of the two, but in the 25-h.p. a change will be found in the engine. The cylinders of the motor are now, in accordance with the latest and best practice, cast in threes, but with a single water-outlet covering all the cylinder-heads. The stroke of the engine is 89 mm. (3½ in.) by 127 mm. (5 in.) with all the valves on the left-hand side. The crank-shaft is now from a solid steel stamping, and not built up, as before. It runs on seven bearings of excellent length, and is of large diameter and has ball thrusts at each end. The admirable worm-drive to the cam-shaft and magneto and oil pump is very properly continued, for it is a question whether it could be bettered for quietude and simplicity. It brings the working face of the magneto into an admirable position for attention, and makes the oil-pump wonderfully accessible. The magneto is rotated through a leather disc which has a vernier adjustment. In the oiling system the oil-filler cap is interconnected with the lever of the oil-level cock in such wise that the cap cannot be replaced until the cock has been turned off. The remainder detail is practically as this year, but with many minor improvements.

ARMSTRONG-WHITWORTH

DESIGN, MATERIAL, & WORKMANSHIP
ensure ABSOLUTE TRUSTWORTHINESS.

1912 MODELS AND CHASSIS PRICES:

15-20 h.p., 4 cyl., 80 by 135, 4 speeds, 815 by 105 tyres	£375
17-25 h.p., 4 cyl., 85 by 135, 4 speeds, 820 by 120 tyres	£435
22½ h.p., 4 cyl., 95 by 120, 4 speeds, 820 by 120 tyres	£465
25½ h.p., 4 cyl., 100 by 120, 4 speeds, 820 by 120 tyres	£500
30-35 h.p., 6 cyl., 90 by 135, 4 speeds, 805 by 135 tyres	£850

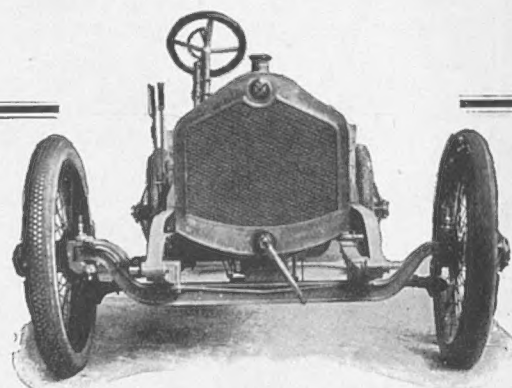
All Models covered by Comprehensive Insurance Policy.

See these FAMOUS BRITISH CARS at
STAND 57 OLYMPIA.

Sir W. G. ARMSTRONG, WHITWORTH
AND CO., LTD.,

ELSWICK WORKS, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Sales Dept., 10, Blenheim St., Bond St., London.
Manchester: 114, Deansgate.



THE NEW

Crossley

15 h.p. £335 ∴ 20 h.p. £450
Chassis with Tyres.

A FEW 1912 IMPROVEMENTS:

Adjustable chain drive to cam-shaft and magneto.
Improved radiator with adjustable fan.
Automatic pressure to petrol tank.
Leather cone clutch.
Detachable Rudge-Whitworth wheels.
Dunlop Tyres.
New system of propeller-shaft and rear wheel brakes.

STAND 43 OLYMPIA

CROSSLEY MOTORS, LTD. (Dept. K), Gorton, MANCHESTER

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C.D.C.